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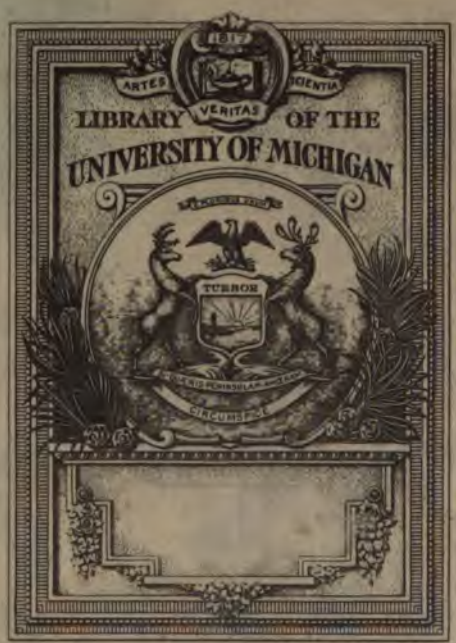
250TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
SETTLEMENT OF CAMBRIDGE

·1880·



THE GIFT OF

S.P. Langley

F
74
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C16

Mrs.
Martha S. Langley
with compliments of
A. McStall
Mayor of Cambridge 1880

EXERCISES

IN CELEBRATING THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

HELD DECEMBER 28, 1880

Printed by order of the City Council

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON AND SON
1881

The extemporaneous speeches at the Celebration were stenographed, and the volume edited, by ROBERT P. CLAPP.

S.P. Langley
6-5-31

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NOTE. — The portrait of Winthrop, taken from "The Memorial History of Boston," is used by permission of the publishers, JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY. The cuts of the Memorial Hall and of Holmes are loaned by MOSES KING, editor of "The Harvard Register;" that of Lowell's House, by D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY; and those of Longfellow and Lowell, and of Longfellow's House, by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, AND COMPANY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

BY order of the City Council the following record is printed of the proceedings by the city of Cambridge in commemorating her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, — a record, it is hoped, that will be worthy of a permanent place beside the other volumes that picture the proud memories of this famous city. The celebration, five years ago, of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the Continental army, revived, and has kept fresh in the public mind, the memorable events that associate Cambridge with the Revolution; but in the incidents of her earlier days, — the struggles and triumphs of her founders, — people had taken but little interest. No anniversary day of the settlement had ever been publicly observed. It seemed proper, therefore, upon the quarter-millennial of her existence, to celebrate the city's beginning, and, without singling out for especial emphasis her Revolutionary renown, to make a retrospect of her entire career. The first publicly to call attention to the desirability of improving the opportunity thus presented was Alderman Moses G. Howe. As early as June 2, 1880, he introduced the subject to the Board of Aldermen, and advocated some form of celebration. His suggestions were approved by the other members of the Board, and the same evening an order was adopted for the appointment of a joint special committee, consisting of the Mayor, the President of the Common Council, two Aldermen, and three Councilmen, to consider in what manner the anniversary should be commemorated.

The Committee was composed of Mayor Hall, Aldermen Howe and Chapman, President Walker, and Councilmen Holton, Conlan, and Lathrop. At the same meeting of the Board, Alderman Howe also presented the following correspondence between himself and the Rev. Lucius R. Paige, the historian of Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, May 12, 1880.

REV. LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

DEAR SIR, — With the early history of Cambridge you are doubtless better acquainted than any other person, and if there are in it localities of historic interest which it would be well to mark by suitable tablets, you are able to designate them. Other places besides Boston have done this, and I believe it an example worthy of imitation by Cambridge. If, in your opinion, there are such spots, it is possible that, if you will point them out, the present city government will favorably consider an effort to thus distinguish them before their identity is lost.

Very respectfully yours,

M. G. HOWE.

CAMBRIDGE, May 17, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 12th is at hand. In reply I may say that among the historic spots in Cambridge which seem worthy of commemoration are the following: —

1st. A place in Ward 5, on the westerly side of North Avenue, a few rods southerly of its junction with Spruce Street, formerly occupied by Jacob Watson, and not long ago by John Davenport, where, on the 19th of April, 1775, four citizens were killed by British soldiers returning from Lexington.

2d. The mansion of Professor Longfellow, on Brattle Street, in Ward 1, which was the headquarters of Washington in 1775.

3d. The Washington Elm, at the southwesterly corner of the Common (already marked), where Washington assumed command of the American army.

4th. The spot on the westerly side of Inman Street at the head of Austin Street, in Ward 2, where formerly stood the ancient house which was General Putnam's headquarters.

5th. The brow of the hill at the junction of Otis and Fourth streets, in Ward 3, where an important fort was erected during the siege of Boston.

Of a different character are some other memorable spots, namely: —

Where the first meeting-house in Cambridge stood, on the westerly side of Dunster Street, a little north of the point midway between Mount Auburn and Winthrop Streets.

Also where the second, third, and fourth meeting-houses stood, on the southerly side of Dane Hall (the Law School), fronting on Harvard Square.

The principal founder of Cambridge, in 1630, was Governor Thomas Dudley, who resided on the lot at the northwest corner of Dunster and South Streets. He was one of the foremost men in the Colony, and more than any other the father of this town at the commencement of its settlement in 1631. No memorial of him is preserved here, even by affixing his name to a street, square, or building. A monumental stone might not be inappropriate.

Half a century later, Thomas Danforth, who was Deputy-Governor from 1679 to 1692, except during the usurpation by Andros, was in many respects the most eminent man who ever resided here. (See History of Cambridge, pp. 114, 530.) He was the acknowledged leader of the patriotic party up to the revolution of 1689, in describing which Dr. Palfrey says: "More than any other man living in Massachusetts, Thomas Danforth was competent to the stern occasion." He resided on the northerly side of Kirkland Street, near the Scientific School. The exact spot is known. No visible memorial of him is now to be found in Cambridge.

For more than a hundred and sixty years, from 1633 to 1794, a spot on Harvard Street was the residence of very eminent men and their families, — Rev. Thomas Hooker, Rev. Thomas Shepard, and Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, the first, second, and third ministers of the First Church; of Hon. John Leverett, a Judge of the Supreme Court and President of Harvard College, and of Rev. Edward Wigglesworth, D.D., and his son of the same name, who were successively Hollis Professors of Divinity in Harvard College. Such a spot seems worthy of commemoration.

Until 1793 there were only two avenues between Cambridge and Boston, namely, through Charlestown and through Brookline and Roxbury. West Boston Bridge was commenced in 1792, and

completed in the next year, with a causeway extending from its westerly end to the junction of Main and Front Streets, in Ward 4. Here a small public square affords a conspicuous location for a stone to commemorate an event which so materially affected the subsequent prosperity of Cambridge and the convenience of its inhabitants.

Respectfully, LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

M. G. Howe, Esq.

I venture to add that we are approaching very near to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the day, Dec. 28, 1630, when it was decided by the Governor and Assistants to build here a town, with the intention that it should become the seat of government. (See History of Cambridge, p. 6.) Is not that event worthy of some public notice?

L. R. P.

An order was adopted providing that a committee be appointed to consider where in the city memorial tablets should be placed, and report the estimated expense of erecting them. The matter was taken in charge by the same Committee as above mentioned.

September 29, 1880, an order was adopted appropriating $1,000 (afterwards increased to $1,300) to defray the expenses of a celebration on the 28th of December; and the same Committee as before, with the addition of Alderman Gilmore and Councilmen Dudley and Durant, were instructed to perfect suitable arrangements for the occasion.

The Committee on Tablets and Index Stones reported, recommending that such marks be placed at the following-named places: —

On the land at the corner of Otis and Fourth streets, now occupied by the Putnam Schoolhouse, being the site where Fort Putnam was erected, a tablet.

In Ward 5, on the westerly side of North Avenue, a few rods southerly of its junction with Spruce Street, where, on the 19th of April, 1775, four citizens were killed by British soldiers retreating from Lexington, an index stone. An index stone at the house of Professor Longfellow, on Brattle Street,

which was the headquarters of Washington in 1775. An index stone at a spot on the westerly side of Inman Street, at the head of Austin Street, formerly the site of Putnam's headquarters. An index stone on land on the northerly side of Kirkland Street, where formerly stood the residence of Thomas Danforth, Deputy-Governor, and Commissioner of the United Colonies at every session from 1662 to 1678. An index stone at the northwest corner of Dunster Street, where stood the residence of Thomas Dudley, one of the founders of Cambridge. An index stone where the first meeting-house stood, on the westerly side of Dunster Street.

The report was accepted, and the recommendations were soon afterwards carried into effect.[1]

The Joint Special Committee on the Celebration was organized as follows: —

THE COMMITTEES.

School Exercises.

Alderman HENRY H. GILMORE,
Councilmen JOHN CONLAN, FRED. H. HOLTON.

Literary Exercises.

Alderman MOSES G. HOWE,
Councilmen SANFORD H. DUDLEY, WILLIAM B. DURANT.

Banquet.

Alderman FRANCIS L. CHAPMAN,
President CHARLES WALKER, Councilman WILLIAM L. LATHROP.

Co-operative Committee of the School Board.

SUMNER ALBEE, WILLIAM H. ORCUTT, GEORGE A. COBURN,
WILLIAM FOX RICHARDSON, HORACE E. SCUDDER.

The several committees entered zealously upon the performance of their duties, and, as the results proved, employed the means at their disposal with thoughtful and discriminating care.

[1] An article giving a brief description of these tablets and the subjects which they commemorate will be found on page 131 of this volume.

Invitations to attend the celebration were sent as follows: —

THE INVITED GUESTS.

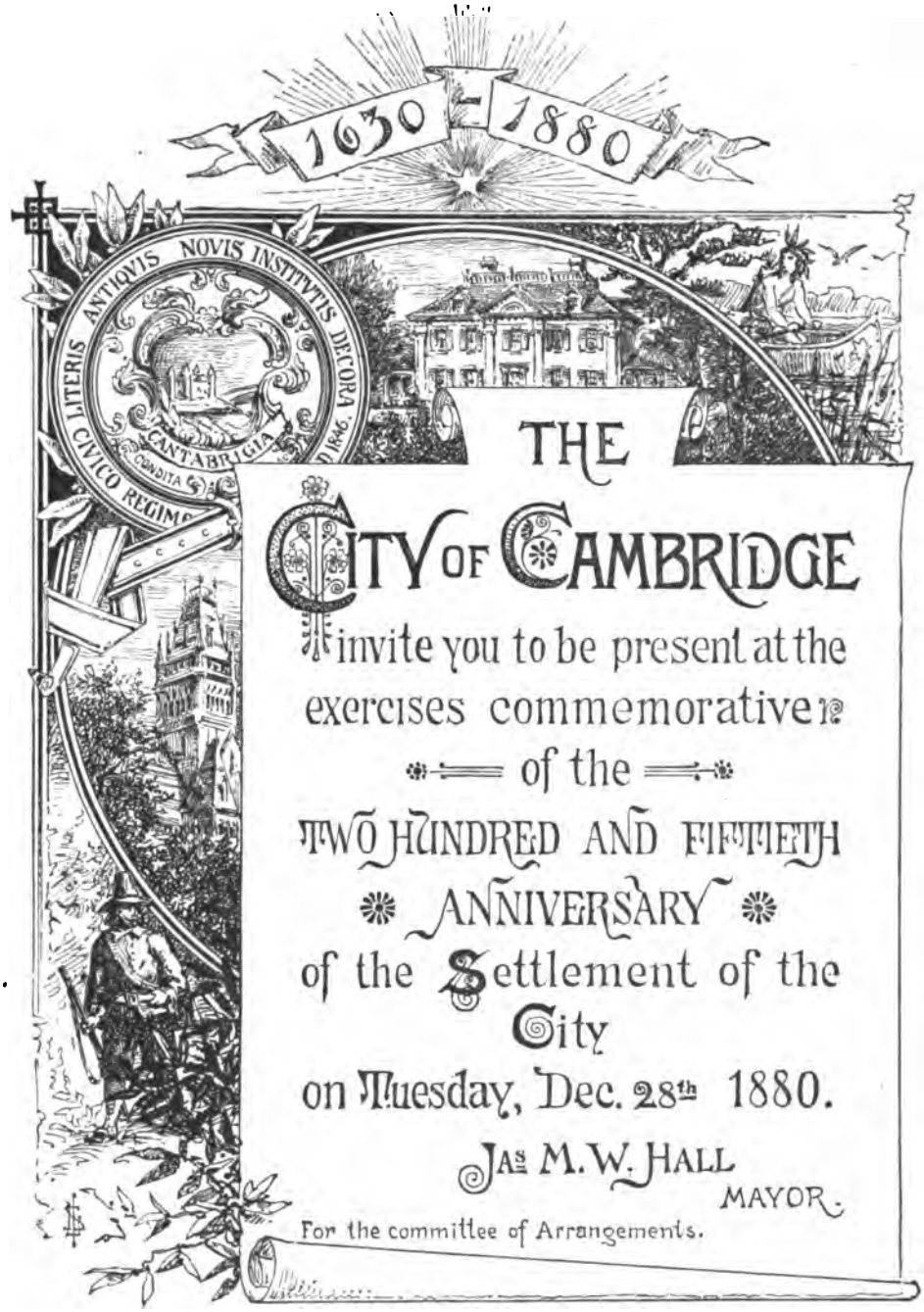
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES . . . . . President of the United States.
Hon. JAMES A. GARFIELD . . . . President-elect " "
Gen. U. S. GRANT . . . . . New York.
Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS . . . . . Secretary of State.
" CHARLES DEVENS . . . . . Attorney-General.
" GEORGE F. HOAR . . . . . Senator from Massachusetts.
" HENRY L. DAWES . . . . . " " "
" WILLIAM CLAFLIN . . . . . Representative to Congress, Eighth (Mass.) District.
" JOHN W. CANDLER . Representative-elect, Eighth (Mass.) Dist.
His Excellency JOHN D. LONG . . . . Governor of Massachusetts.
THE GOVERNOR'S STAFF . . . . . .
Hon. HORACE GRAY . Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Mass.
President CHARLES W. ELIOT AND FELLOWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE.
Prof. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW . . . . . Cambridge.
Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES . . . . . Boston.
Hon. E. S. TOBEY . . . . . Postmaster of "
" A. W. BEARD . . . . . Collector of the Port of "
" GEORGE P. SANGER . . . . U. S. District Attorney, "
" N. P. BANKS . . . . . U. S. Marshal, Boston.
" ROBERT C. WINTHROP . . . . . Brookline.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON . . . . . Concord.
JOHN G. WHITTIER . . . . . Amesbury.
BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON . . . . . Bergen, Norway.
Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER . . . . . Dorchester.
Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT . . . . . Quincy.
A. F. RANDOLPH . . . . . Fredericton, N. B.
Hon. J. STEADMAN . . . . . " "
Rev. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D. . . . . Cambridge.
" A. P. PEABODY, D.D. . . . . "
" LUCIUS R. PAIGE, D.D. . . . . "
" WILLIAM NEWELL, D.D. . . . . "

Col. T. W. Higginson . . . . . Cambridge.
Ex-Mayor James D. Green . . . . . "
" Charles Theodore Russell . . . . . "
" George C. Richardson . . . . . "
" J. Warren Merrill . . . . . "
" Ezra Parmenter . . . . . "
" Charles H. Saunders . . . . . "
" H. O. Houghton . . . . . "
" Hamlin R. Harding . . . . . "
" Isaac Bradford . . . . . Exeter, N. H.
" Frank A. Allen . . . . . Cambridge.
" Samuel L. Montague . . . . . "
Mayor-elect James A. Fox . . . . . "
John S. Ladd, Esq. . . . . Justice of Police Court, "

The Members of the City Council, and Heads of Departments.

Hon. F. C. Latrobe . . . . . Mayor of Baltimore, Md.
" Frederick O. Prince . . . . . " Boston.
" George P. Sanderson . . . . . " Lynn.
" R. M. Pulsifer . . . . . " Newton.
" Eli Cully . . . . . " Fitchburg.
" F. T. Greenhalge . . . . . " Lowell.
" George A. Bruce . . . . . " Somerville.
" Charles F. Johnson . . . . . " Taunton.
" Charles S. Shapleigh . . . . . " Haverhill.
" Lewis J. Powers . . . . . " Springfield.
" F. H. Kelly . . . . . " Worcester.
" William S. Green . . . . . " Fall River.
" W. T. Soule . . . . . " New Bedford.
" A. J. Bacon . . . . . " Chelsea.
" J. J. Currier . . . . . " Newburyport.
" J. R. Simpson . . . . . " Lawrence.
" Henry K. Oliver . . . . . " Salem.

The Chairmen of the Selectmen of Arlington, Belmont, Watertown, and Waltham.



THE CITY OF CAMBRIDGE

invite you to be present at the exercises commemorative of the

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

of the Settlement of the City

on Tuesday, Dec. 28th 1880.

Jas M. W. HALL
MAYOR.

For the committee of Arrangements.

THE CELEBRATION.

THE hour of sunrise of the anniversary day was heralded by the ringing of the church bells, and by a salute of one hundred guns on the Common. Fortunately the sun itself ushered in the morning, its rays gilding the spires through the city, and giving promise of a bright and clear day. Later the clouds gathered and allowed only occasional glimpses of the sunlight, but the temperature was mild, and altogether the day was favorable to a successful celebration. Coming in midwinter, the anniversary naturally did not occasion any street display, or extended decorations by the citizens. The City Hall, however, bore marks of the decorator's skill, and its usually plain appearance was lost in a tasteful holiday attire. The flags of all nations were streaming from two lines diverging from the summit of a flag-pole at the centre of the roof to the sidewalk, while the national colors were folded gracefully around the city's shield over the entrance to the building. Red, white, and blue were festooned from the windows, and the figures "1630" and "1880" were in gold on either side of the door. The intelligent attention paid by the large numbers who witnessed the proceedings through the day showed that the people did not fail to catch the spirit of the occasion, and to appreciate the significance of its teachings.

The celebration comprised three separate entertainments, — a festival for the children in the Sanders Theatre in the morning, an oration at the same place in the afternoon, and

a banquet at Union Hall in the evening. Of these, perhaps the first was the most inspiring for the moment, and the most memorable in its associations. In the centre of the group of dignitaries upon the platform were the poets Holmes and Longfellow, and bent upon them was the eager gaze of a thousand happy school-children gathered in the auditorium. In front of its owner stood the arm-chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut-tree,"[1] which was presented to Mr. Longfellow by these very scholars less than two years before; and his poem "From my Arm-chair," written to thank them for their gift, was one of the selections read by Mr. Riddle. The climax of the scene was when Mr. Longfellow, quite unexpectedly to all, rose and made a short extempore address. He was greeted with a tremendous burst of applause, and when he had finished, the sea of youthful faces was uproarious with delight.

The audience that gathered in the afternoon were well rewarded by the orator's vivid "retrospect of the half-hidden past," presented with his accustomed dignity and scholarly grace; and all who came from Union Hall at the close of the festivities testified that the banquet was a fitting end for the celebration.

The Mayor won applause from all for the ability, dignity, and grace with which he performed his part in the proceedings; and the Committee of Arrangements were deservedly congratulated, because nothing occurred to mar the harmony and enjoyment attending the exercises of the entire day.

[1] This tree, described by the poet in "The Village Blacksmith," was on the west side of Brattle Street, opposite Farwell Place, and remained standing till May, 1876, when it was cut down in order to widen the street. The wood in the chair was finished in imitation of ebony. A brass plate below the cushion bears these words: "To the author of the Village Blacksmith this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge: who with their friends join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879."

THE MORNING EXERCISES

AT THE

SANDERS THEATRE.

2

THE MORNING EXERCISES

AT THE

SANDERS THEATRE.

LONG before half-past ten o'clock, the hour for the exercises to begin, the vestibule of Memorial Hall resounded with merry youthful voices, and when that hour had arrived, twelve hundred children from the public schools filled the lower part of the theatre. The Webster School occupied the centre of the balcony, with the Putnam and Thorndike Schools and the Allston and Shepard Schools seated on either side. The orchestra, as the position of honor, was assigned to the Harvard and Washington Schools, as the masters, A. B. Magoun and Daniel Mansfield, were the teachers longest in the city's service.[1] At one end of the stage was seated a choir of one hundred and fifty voices, selected from the older members of the Grammar Schools; and the centre was occupied by the Mayor, the members of the city government, the heads of departments, Francis Cogswell, Superintendent of Schools, the school committee, and the following invited guests: President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard College, Hon. John W. Candler, Hon. A. W. Beard, Professor Henry W. Longfellow, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Col. T. W. Higginson, and others. The gallery, and every available place for general spectators, was completely filled.

[1] Forty-three and thirty-nine years, respectively.

The exercises were in the following order: —

PROGRAMME.

March . . . . . Orchestra.
Prayer . . . . . The Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.
Singing . . . . . The Children.
Address . . . . . Mayor James M. W. Hall.
Music . . . . . Orchestra.
Address . . . . . President Charles W. Eliot.
Singing . . . . . The Children.
Address . . . . . Prof. Henry W. Longfellow.
Reading — "From my Arm-chair" . . . . Mr. George Riddle.
Poem . . . . . Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Singing . . . . . The Children.
Reading — "The Cataract of Lodore" . . . Mr. George Riddle.
Singing . . . . . The Children.

The instrumental music was by the Orchestra of the Dana Council, Legion of Honor, twenty-five performers, under the leadership of Mr. William E. Thomas, and was a fitting counterpart to the charming effect produced by the spirited songs of the chorus, which had been under the skilful training of Mr. N. Lincoln, the teacher of music in the public schools. The instrumental pieces comprised the "Boccaccio March," by Franz von Suppe; Galop, "Shooting Star," by R. Bial; Overture, "Aurora," by Schlepgerill; Galop, "Polo," by Catlin; and the vocal selections were "Farewell to the Forest," Mendelssohn; Choral, "Wondrous King of Heaven," by Dr. Marx; "Song of Titania's Fairies," Mozart; "God and King," partly from Costa; "Guardian Genius of the Swiss," Tobler; "O'er the waters gliding," Mozart; and "Swiftly we fly," Lincoln. The accompaniments were played by Dr. J. M. Keniston.

PRAYER BY THE REV. DR. A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

Our Father who art in heaven, God of our fathers and our guide, helper, unfailing friend, we look to thee with humble and heartfelt gratitude in memory of thy loving providence for us, and for those whose honor is precious in our memory, and has been so in thy sight. We thank thee for those who laid the foundations of our republic; for those who came hither to worship thee in freedom, to seek thy counsel and trust in thy guidance. We thank thee for the precious names that have come down from our early history; for the great men in Church and State, whose virtues and services we to-day commemorate. We thank thee for their consecration to Christ and his Church. We thank thee for the sacred influences that flowed from that consecration and from their whole lives, in all that they did for their own day and generation, and in all that they did for those who succeeded them. We thank thee, O Father, that here have ever been cherished the interests of wisdom and of learning; that here the young have ever been held as worthy of sacred regard, of faithful training, and of the deepest concern of every heart. We thank thee for these children; for all in them of rich and glad promise; for all that from week to week in their progress, in their learning, and in their knowledge, gives us the hope that they will well fill the places of their fathers, the places of us who must soon pass away. Father, command upon them thy rich blessing. May they be trained in the knowledge, not

only of things human, but of things that are divine. May they be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. May thine early benediction rest upon them, and follow them in all their ways of life, and as they are united here in songs of praise and thanksgiving, may they be united around thy throne in heaven to render thee thanks for all thy goodness while they were here on earth. Command thy rich blessing on them, and may they feel the power of divine truth, the power of the Saviour's love, the power of the world to come. May the teachers, in their whole spirit, in their entire example, shed a benign influence upon the young and bring blessings to those under their charge, and may the record of their fidelity be in heaven and its witness on high. Let thy love be with us now in all that we say and do, in all that we think and feel, in this season of sacred commemoration; and grant that the blessings bestowed upon our fathers may rest upon us and upon our children from generation to generation. We offer our prayer in that name which is above every name, and through Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, to thee, O Lord, our God, be all honor, and praise, and glory, and gratitude, forever. Amen.

OPENING ADDRESS BY MAYOR HALL.

It gives me great pleasure, in behalf of the city of Cambridge, to welcome our guests on this anniversary, and congratulate our citizens on the results of these two hundred and fifty years, as well as on the prospects spread out before us. It is an added gratification to

receive and extend the welcome within the walls of this beautiful edifice, erected to commemorate the heroic devotion of those who died to preserve unbroken the Union our fathers established; erected to tell this and future generations that the republic we received and transmit must remain forever one and inseparable.

It is especially fitting that we meet here to-day, having for our host an institution which, since the beginning of its history, has been so largely identified with the civil, intellectual, and religious welfare of our land. It is always interesting and instructive to see two old people together. We shall certainly anticipate much in seeing Cambridge, two hundred and fifty years old, and Harvard College, two hundred and forty-two years of age, sitting down for an hour together to-day.

What could more appropriately introduce the day we observe than a service by the scholars of our public schools, — that institution our fathers established side by side with the church; that which has filled these two hundred and fifty years with so much of blessing and hope, and which shall be one of the strong bulwarks of our republic for generations yet to be? Should the time ever come when either the church or the public school shall be deemed of little importance, we may well write in larger letters on our proclamations, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

It is a question more often asked, perhaps, than answered, Why, on such an occasion as this, does so large a share of the interest and delight of the day centre in

the children's service, more than in the convivial part of the day's entertainment? It certainly cannot be sentiment; although we feel the reason more than we can describe it in words, because it reaches down to the very roots of our being, and our deepest feelings never can be expressed. There is, or should be, within us all a natural desire to be associated with succeeding generations, in our thoughts and feelings and purposes, and not to pass from this life having failed to impart to them some good impulse, or to live in them and in other generations through them. And these children are the connecting link between our generation and those to come.

It is pleasant and often restful to muse on the past, and let memory wander among scenes and with faces that have been familiar. It is stimulating to let imagination reach on to future years, and to think and hope that when our forms shall have vanished from sight here, other lives may be so influenced by ours that the good we have received from the past we may transmit to them; and so each generation shall be the better for that which has gone before.

Fifty years to some of our friends here must seem, in the retrospect, a short period; but when the next semi-centennial comes, probably most of us who have reached even adult years will have completed our work on earth. But these children shall stand in our places, and repeat anew the lessons we learn to-day. Hence such an occasion as this seems peculiarly to link the past, the present, and the future together. May it be in a chain whose constantly added links

shall, so far as our influence goes, be strengthened in its fibre to hold the past and future indissolubly together.

No thoughts of mine, however, can add to the interest of this occasion so much as that which we have all come especially to see and hear. At a later part of the day I shall expect to tax your patience by speaking more at length. I will merely add, in closing, that we trust the children here will be so impressed by this occasion, that our two hundred and fiftieth anniversary may be to them a beacon that shall ever guide to higher purposes and nobler lives.

The Mayor, in introducing President ELIOT, said: "The progress made in the last few years by the institution in which we all take great pride is due largely to the wonderful energy and executive ability of its President, — perhaps the youngest the College ever had, — whom I now have the pleasure of presenting."

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

We are met to commemorate a beginning, — a beginning of what has proved to be a vigorous and enduring life. Now all beginnings of life greatly interest mankind, be it the planting of a tree, or of the seed corn which brings the great crop of autumn, or the planting of a town, or the birth of a child or of a nation. But beginnings are apt to be very small, and I want to carry your thoughts for a few minutes back to the small beginning of this town.

It was on a wintry day like this, when a few men

came over from Boston, rowed up Charles River, perhaps as the easiest mode of approach, landed on the hillock where now is Harvard Square, and decided that they would there build a fortified town. There were no bridges, no roads then. It is mentioned that there was a path which led from Charlestown to Watertown. You can imagine how much travel there was in those days along this path, and through the rude streets of the new town; for it was ordered very early in the history of Cambridge, that no man should cut down a tree and leave it lying across the highway for more than seven days. A tree lying across the highway for a week would interrupt traffic considerably now; but then there was very little to interrupt.

These people that settled Cambridge were very poor, humble, hard-working people. We must not think that they foresaw all that we see; that it ever entered into their minds to conceive what was to grow out of their planting, — a prosperous town and a new nation. They were a farming people; their wealth, such as they had, was in their fields, their horses, oxen and cows, hens and swine; and most of the laws and regulations passed during the early life of Cambridge related to the care and tending of these sources of their support. When Cambridge was fifty years old, the Rev. John Rogers, the minister of Ipswich, was elected President of Harvard College. The minister was the most considerable man in a New England town at that day; and the President of Harvard College was one of the most considerable men in the Colony. Now tradition tells us that when the Rev. John Rogers came from Ipswich

to establish himself in Cambridge as the President of Harvard College, he walked all the way, and drove his cow before him. That was a perfectly natural method, and a simple necessity in those times. I wonder if many of you children live in a house that is not plastered, and not more than half finished in any respect. Well, Benjamin Wadsworth, who was President of the College so lately as 1737, was obliged to move into the old house which now stands in Harvard Square (the Wadsworth House, as it is now called) before it was plastered, — before it was more than half finished. That is the way they had to live in those times. We must not think of this people as great and prosperous: they were poor, resolute, industrious, hard-working people, who had a great trust in God. Thus for two hundred years this small farming population held Cambridge together, and prepared it for the richer and more numerous generations that were to follow. And now we see it a populous, rich, and prosperous place; and we have come into possession of it by inheritance, as it were, though probably there are very, very few children or grown people in this room who can trace their descent in any degree, however remote, to the original inhabitants of the place, or even to the families that settled here in the first fifty years.

Most of us have come hither from other towns, and many from other countries. What have we come to? We have come to a famous town, to an historic town, and, what is more, to a town which is perfectly sure to be dear to English-speaking people for generations to come. I suppose most people would say that Cam-

bridge was chiefly famous, first, for the very early establishment within its borders of a seat of liberal learning,— a seat of learning where have been trained, generation after generation, pious ministers, learned scholars, great statesmen, and brave soldiers; secondly, that it was famous because here the first national army was gathered, and here the greatest of Americans first took command of that army. That act of Washington under the old elm was an act of surpassing courage and of immeasurable effect. Be sure, children, that you go and stand under the tree, so that each of you may be able to tell your children's children that when you were a child you stood beneath the very tree which sheltered Washington from the July sun when he drew his sword and took command of the little army paraded before him on the sandy Common.

I said that Cambridge was sure to be famous and dear to men's hearts for many generations yet to come. Why is this so sure? History teaches that the men whose influence is deepest, whose works and deeds and lives are of dearest memory, are poets. Every week, in yonder Sever Hall, hundreds of young Americans come together to listen with delight to the works of poets who lived thousands of years ago. And so, in generations to come, the works of Cambridge poets will be familiar and dear to millions of our descendants. I hope, children, you all know the three houses in Cambridge where these Cambridge poets have lived. I am sure you know the house where Washington once lived, where Mr. Longfellow now lives, on Brattle Street. Go and see the house on Elmwood Avenue, where Mr.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNIV. OF

Lowell lives; and go and see, too, the house behind the new Gymnasium, where Dr. Holmes was born. These houses are of wood; they must disappear. Be sure that you will be able to tell your grandchildren nothing which will so interest them as that you knew the houses where Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell lived when you were children; and, more than that, tell them that you saw two of those poets — Longfellow and Holmes — sitting beside each other on the stage in Sanders Theatre, when they were more than seventy years old, in the year when Lowell was the Minister of the United States in England, — the year when we celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Cambridge.

Governor LONG, who was expected to address the children at this point in the exercises, had sent word that he could not attend until afternoon. In announcing this fact the Mayor said that what would be lost in one way would be gained in another; for, though he had expected that all would have to content themselves with the golden speech of one poet and the golden silence of another, he had just persuaded Mr. LONGFELLOW to say a few words in place of the Governor, and hence that silence would most agreeably be broken.

REMARKS BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — I do not rise to make an address to you, but to excuse myself from making one. I know the proverb says that he who excuses himself accuses himself, — and I am willing on this occasion to accuse myself, for I feel very much as I suppose some of you do when you are suddenly called

upon in your class-room, and are obliged to say that you are not prepared. I am glad to see your faces and to hear your voices. I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you in prose, as I have already done in verse, for the beautiful present you made me some two years ago. Perhaps some of you have forgotten it, but I have not; and I am afraid, — yes, I am afraid that fifty years hence, when you celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of this occasion, this day and all that belongs to it will have passed from your memory: for an English philosopher has said that the ideas as well as children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away.

"It needs no word of mine," said the Mayor, "on such an occasion as this, to remind the children of the great pleasure they took in presenting this chair to our dear friend who is with us to-day; and I am sure we shall be glad to listen to the reading, by Mr. RIDDLE, of the words Professor Longfellow wrote to the children in response to their gift."

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the Past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide;
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

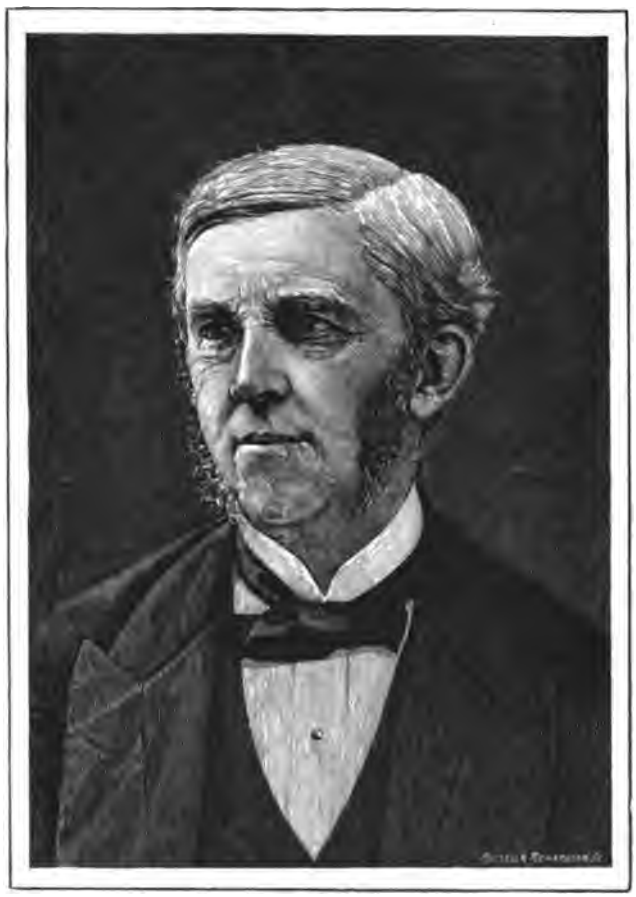
Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

"You will all agree with me, I am sure," said the Mayor in introducing Dr. HOLMES, "that the interest of this occasion is greatly enhanced by having those with us whose lives and influence are not confined to their own age or land, since 'their line is gone out through all the earth and their word to the end of the world.' It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to introduce to you one who needs no title, — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

After the enthusiastic applause which greeted him had subsided, Dr. HOLMES spoke as follows: —

POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I am announced for an address, and I have nothing but a poem. One word of explanation. The incident I refer to in these lines was a very real one. In the days of my early manhood, as I stood on the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, having been long absent from home, and thinking of it very fondly and very longingly, I looked toward the port of Leghorn, twelve miles off, and saw in the distance the mast and the flag of an American frigate. I see some young pupils before me who possibly might not know, unless I told them, that Livorno is the Italian name of the city we call Leghorn.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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HOME.

Your home was mine — kind Nature's gift;
  My love no years can chill;
In vain their flakes the storm winds sift;
The snowdrop hides beneath the drift,
  A living blossom still.

Mute are a hundred long-famed lyres,
  Hushed all their golden strings;
One lay the coldest bosom fires,
One song, one only, never tires
  While sweet-voiced Memory sings.

No spot so lone but echo knows
  That dear, familiar strain;
In tropic isles, on arctic snows,
Through burning lips its music flows
  And rings its fond refrain.

From Pisa's tower my straining sight
  Roamed wandering leagues away,
When lo! a frigate's banner bright,
The starry blue, the red, the white,
  In far Livorno's bay.

Hot leaps the life-blood from my heart,
  Forth springs the sudden tear;
The ship that rocks by yonder mart
Is of my land, my life, a part —
  Home, home, sweet home, is here!

Fades from my view the sunlit scene, —
  My vision spans the waves;

I see the elm-encircled green,
The tower — the steeple — and between,
The field of ancient graves.

There runs the path my feet would tread
When first they learned to stray;
There stands the gambrel roof that spread
Its quaint old angles o'er my head
When first I saw the day.

The sounds that met my boyish ear
My inward sense salute, —
The wood-notes wild I loved to hear, —
The robin's challenge, sharp and clear, —
The breath of evening's flute.

The faces loved from cradle days, —
Unseen, alas, how long!
As fond remembrance round them plays,
Touched with its softening moonlight rays,
Through fancy's portal throng.

And see! as if the opening skies
Some angel form had spared
Us wingless mortals to surprise,
The little maid with light-blue eyes,
White-necked and golden-haired!

So rose the picture full in view
I paint in feebler song;
Such power the seamless banner knew
Of red and white and starry blue
For exiles banished long.

O boys, dear boys, who wait as men
To guard its heaven-bright folds,
Blest are the eyes that see again
That banner, seamless now, as then —
The fairest earth beholds!

Sweet was the Tuscan air and soft
  In that unfading hour,
And fancy leads my footsteps oft
Up the round galleries, high aloft
  On Pisa's threatening tower.

And still in Memory's holiest shrine
  I read with pride and joy
"For me those stars of empire shine;
That empire's dearest home is mine;
  I am a Cambridge boy!"

THE AFTERNOON EXERCISES

AT THE

SANDERS THEATRE.

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THE exercises in the afternoon, beginning at half past one o'clock, were as follows: —

PROGRAMME.

Music.[1]

OVERTURE. "Bohemian Girl" . . . . . *Balfe.*

Prayer

BY THE REV. WILLIAM NEWELL, D.D.

Music.

GAVOTTE. "Blumlein, Vergissmeinnicht." Op. 270 . . . *Giese.*

Oration

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Music.

—— Selection from "La Vestale" . . . . . *Mercadante.*

On the stage sat the Mayor, the members of the City Government, Governor John D. Long and Staff, the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, the Rev. Dr. William Newell, Ex-Governor William Claflin, the Hon. A. W. Beard, and other invited guests.

[1] Dana Council Orchestra.

PRAYER BY THE REV. WILLIAM NEWELL, D.D.

O God, the ever-living God, the God of all generations, our God and the God of our fathers, we would join with their glorified spirits on this day of commemoration in prayer and in praise unto thee. As we look back to our city's winter birthday, and think of the contrast between the naked, houseless landscape before them and the scenes that now meet our eyes, our hearts would rise unto thee in gratitude and in trust; and as we look farther back to the dear English homes which they left with tears, we would thank thee for that stirring of their spirits under the impulse of their earnest faith, and their zeal for a purified religion, and their longing for a true Christian commonwealth, that moved them to seek in another land the opportunities denied them in their own. Gratefully would we acknowledge the favoring Providence that bore them, as with a mighty hand and outstretched arm, through the waves and winds of the stormy ocean to their new home in the wilderness, for which thou didst prepare their way, and through them didst make the wilderness blossom like the rose, and prospered their labors, and multiplied their numbers till "the little one became a thousand and the small one a strong nation." And, O God, never can we cease to thank thee for the rich inheritance they have left us in their principles, their examples, their institutions; for their wise and watchful care of the

great interests of religion and good morals, of education and civil freedom; and for all the manifold privileges which we now enjoy through their labors and sacrifices, so bravely undertaken, so resolutely and steadfastly met. And we give praise unto thee for the gifted, energetic, true-hearted men who have been raised up from generation to generation to carry on the work which our fathers began; for thy servants in Church and in State, who became the lights and leaders and benefactors of their country, its pilots in the sunshine and the storm, — the chosen instruments of thy holy and gracious will to mould and quicken the sentiment of the people, and to build up the nation.

And especially at this time and on this occasion would we rejoice in the remembrance of those who in our own city did their part in their sphere for the same great ends; and for those who, under the tuition of our honored University, in former and in present times, have been here prepared for a career of usefulness and honor. We praise thy holy name that thou didst put it into the hearts of our fathers to lay in the new town the foundations of this noble seminary of learning, the pride and hope of our Commonwealth, ever keeping pace with the progress of the country and the age, ever the efficient helper and ennobling influence in the growth of all that makes the true greatness of our country.

And now may the Lord God be with us as with our fathers. Oh, bless and prosper and elevate to higher issues the people of this city, of this Commonwealth,

and of this nation. O God, forgive the sins and errors, the abuses and corruptions of the past; and lead us in the way of truth, of righteousness, of justice, of Christian love, which alone is the way of honor and safety for the nation as well as for the man. And we beseech thee to inspire with true wisdom, with pure patriotism, with worthy, noble, and comprehensive aims, the President and the Congress of the United States, the Governor and Legislature of this Commonwealth, the magistrates and officers of this city, and all who in truly serving their country are serving thee. And, O God, may thy providence guard and preserve the precious institutions which lie at the basis of our country's welfare and our country's honor; and may thy Holy Spirit, working through the gospel of Christ and the nobler sentiments of men, carry us onward and upward to a higher plane of human progress and of Christian civilization. And in all the changes and reverses that may come upon this country, as they have come sooner or later upon every nation in the ages that are past, may thy overruling love bring forth from the seeming and temporary evil a lasting good. May thy word go forth conquering and to conquer. May the truth as it is in Jesus, the power of the spirit of Christ, triumph, as thou, to whom a thousand years are but as one day, seest that it will triumph, battling with the ever-changing forms of error, superstition, and sin, slowly raising, purifying, civilizing, Christianizing the nations, till the angels' Christmas song shall be fulfilled, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Father, may thy blessing rest upon the honored head of the government of this city, upon his associates in authority and trust, and upon all who shall follow them in their places in the years to come. And may thy blessing ever rest on the inhabitants of this city, — in their homes, in their business dealings, in their social relations, in their religious connections, in their political and civil interests and obligations. May they be faithful to every public trust and private duty, and ready for every good work. So shall the place be more and more honored and blessed in the years to come.

May thy gracious presence be with us in the commemorative services of this day; and may all be said and done in the spirit of Christ, in the love of God, in the love of man, in the love of country, and in the love of all that is true and good.

And so to thy glory and the glory of him who is our Lord and Saviour, as he has been the Lord and Saviour of the generations that have passed away; and unto thee, his Father and ours, be the praise forevermore. Amen.

ORATION

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT, MR. MAYOR, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: —

Two hundred and fifty years ago the spot where we now stand was a part of that vast forest region which then comprised all Eastern Massachusetts. Wolves roamed through this forest in packs, bears and lynxes abounded, deer were plenty, and sometimes a great moose made his way, stealthy and stately, among the denser trees. The woods showed that combination of varied species which formed then, as now, the main difference between the American and European landscapes; the oaks and pines grew intermingled, and there were elms on the meadows and willows by the watercourses. Laurels, dogwood, and sassafras, mostly new to the first settlers, filled up the underwood; and even at Christmas time the arbutus or mayflower carpeted the woods with its creeping vine, and showed, from its abundant buds, in mild seasons, the pink edges of its petals, — a thing of beauty and hope amid the bareness of a wintry world.

To a forest spot such as I have described, at a point not very far from this, a party came through the woods, two hundred and fifty years ago to-day, exploring from the little settlement of Watertown, to seek a fit place for a fortified town. "After divers meetings," says Deputy-Governor Dudley, "at Boston, Roxbury, and Watertown, on the 28th of December, we grew to this resolution, to bind all the assistants . . . to build houses at a place a mile east from Watertown, near Charles River, the next spring." And Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence," says that they came here wishing rather to "enter farther among the Indians than hazard the fury of malignant adversaries, who in a rage might pursue them," — these pursuers being doubtless the French. The mile east from Watertown was computed not from the present village of that name, but from the early settlement near Mt. Auburn, whose site is still marked by the quaint old burial-ground, whose stones record the minister of the parish, Mr. Thomas Bailey, as a "pious and painfull preacher," and tell us of his wife Lydia that she "went off singing and left us weeping."

But who are these who have come through the forest on this late December day of 1630, and whom we may fancy as resting for their noonday repast beside some spring whose traces are still visible in its hereditary willow-trees? There is Governor Winthrop, as we see him in Greenough's statue, wearing ruff and short cloak, and showing, in his alert and eager look, how lightly he bears his two-and-forty years. He landed on this continent only in June, and, whether to dwell

in Salem, Charlestown, Boston, or Cambridge, he hardly knows. Beside him is Deputy-Governor Dudley, twelve years older, and showing in his hardy and impetuous manner the traces of his youthful military service against the Spaniards at Amiens under Henri Quatre. He knows full well what he wants, and the project of this fortified town is largely of his planning. With them are, perhaps, Endicott, Saltonstall, Bradstreet, and Coddington, for all these are "assistants" at the time. Some of them are in peaceful array, others wear steel caps and corselets; and they have with them, most likely, a few yeomen, always on the watch, and keeping the matches lighted in their firelock muskets. Yet their talk is peaceful and prayerful, and they give to this armed halt in the forest something of the flavor of a camp-meeting. Some of them doubtless remark on the agreeableness of the spot where they are, and indulge in quaint pleasantry about it; one, perhaps, says that the dining-hall is "large, high, curiously hung with green;" another, that it is "accommodated with the pleasancy of a murmuring rivulet." They have come to seek a place for a fort; they are in reality fixing the site of a city. All the Cambridge of to-day — its forty-two thousand people, its $50,000,000 of taxable property, its great University — all this is the remote result of that one semi-military picnic in the woods, two hundred and fifty years ago.

But the immediate outcome of it is to be a fortified village, created after some delays, and under the inexpressive name of Newtown. Even after Winthrop has abandoned the new settlement, stout Dudley secures

an appropriation of sixty pounds to build a "pallysadoe," or stockade, around it. A thousand acres are ordered to be thus "impaled" with trees set in the ground; a mile and a half of trees being thus placed, at the very lowest estimate (that of Wood),[1] — the stockade not including the side toward Charles River. What a task for the men of this little settlement to fell, remove, and plant these thousands of trees, and to dig round them a fosse or trench, so well executed that I remember parts of it still existing as a ditch in my boyhood! The willows on the football ground of the students, at the edge of Oxford Street, are the last memorial of that great labor undertaken two centuries and a half ago. Let us fancy that something of the vigor of Dudley and his followers is reappearing in the muscles that now conduct their attack and defence on that spot, although it be with no heavier ordnance than a football.

Time passes, and the "pallysadoe" keeps the new village safe. In 1633 Wood says of the inhabitants, that "most of them are very rich, and have great store of cattle;" both which statements would certainly savor of exaggeration if made of their descendants. In that year Cambridge is found assessed as high as any town in the Colony except Dorchester; in 1636 it goes beyond all others. The privilege of being liberally taxed begins early, and on this point, at least, we are true to the traditions of our fathers.

But there is, we find, a threatened change in the whole condition of Newtown ere long. As we look in

[1] Wood's New England Prospect, p. 45. Holmes's Cambridge, p. 9.

upon its few rectangular streets, and its sixty or seventy houses, we see an unwonted disturbance, one May morning. There is a gathering of a hundred men and women, equipped as for travel, in the little market-place now called Winthrop Square. The drum which sometimes calls them to church is beating; there is a crowd of men, and another crowd of cattle, lowing, impatient, shaking their horns as if it were Brighton Market. Presently a horse-litter comes slowly pacing through the square, bearing a pale lady; other women walk beside her, and a clergyman in velvet cloak, worn somewhat threadbare, comes gravely on. He pauses and perhaps offers prayer, the men and women adjust burdens on their shoulders, the drum beats again, and the whole crowd — minister, lady, men, and animals — set off slowly along the Watertown road. It is the scene described by Winthrop, May 31, 1636, saying: "Mr. Hooker, pastor of the church of Newtown, and most of his parishioners, went to Connecticut; his wife was carried in a horse-litter, and they drove one hundred and sixty cattle, and partook of their milk by the way." It was truly a pastor with his flock, and with his herd also. Times are altered. In the present frequency of ministerial changes, it would create a good deal of confusion in the streets if every migrating clergyman took with him the greater part of his congregation and one hundred and sixty head of cattle.

But there seems a visible interference of Providence to protect the new-born town. As the Rev. Mr. Hooker goes, the Rev. Mr. Shepard comes, "the holy, heavenly, sweet-affecting, and soul-ravishing Mr. Shepard."

He comes with other settlers, and makes this memorandum: "Myself, and those that came with me, found many houses empty, and persons willing to sell." He takes Mr. Hooker's house, he takes his parish, he finally takes his daughter for a wife; never was there a transfer so convenient. If Dudley is the civil and military founder of the town, then is Shepard its spiritual founder. In the next year, 1637, we see him opening with prayer the famous synod here held to pronounce against "antinomian and familistic opinions," of which synod he is the leading spirit. "A poore, weake, pale-complectioned man," as he is described by contemporaries, and now but about thirty years old, he yet pours forth such power that the synod, under his guidance, condemns "about eighty opinions, some blasphemous, others erroneous, all unsafe," says even the tolerant Winthrop. What is certain is that by this bold leadership and by his various virtues Mr. Shepard so wins the confidence of the Colony, that, when the plan for establishing a college is formed, Cotton Mather tells us, "Cambridge, rather than any other place, was pitched upon to be the seat of that happy seminary." Surely it is gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles to extract one happy seminary out of eighty pestilent heresies; but we find it done.

It was a glorious thing in that little colony, which could only raise £60 to defend itself from savages, to appropriate £400 to protect itself from ignorance.[1]

[1] "It is questionable whether a more honorable specimen of public spirit can be found in the history of mankind." — DWIGHT'S *Travels in New England* (1821), i. 481.

Shepard, in securing for this town a college, did more for it than Dudley, who secured for it a "pallysadoe." And the College also brought with it the name, so that Newtown was soon changed (May, 1638) to Cambridge, in memory of the English Cambridge, where so many of the Puritan clergy had been reared. Henceforth it was, through its whole career, a college town. I do not know whether to find this illustrated in the fact that, during the very year after the institution was opened, the town had to pay a fine of ten shillings for not keeping its stocks and watch-house in working order. It is observable, also, that the first President, Dunster, gave his hearty approval of an alehouse kept by one whom he calls "Sister Bradish," on the ground that she sold such "comfortable pennyworths" to the students; and that it was afterwards found needful to have a college brewery, situated near Stoughton and Hollis Halls, which brewed ale expressly for the students till about the time of the Revolution, and made "Sister Bradish" and her pennyworths superfluous. At any rate, so great was the importance of the College as a feature in the new settlement, that Mr. Paige has unearthed, among the manuscripts of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a memorandum dated Sept. 30, 1783, to the effect that in the early days the persons appointed to lay out roads into the interior did it so far as the bank by Mrs. Biglow's in Weston, and that this was as far as would ever be necessary, it being about seven miles from the College in Cambridge.[1]

[1] Paige's Cambridge, p. 126.

Yet we must regard Cambridge not alone as the seat of the College, but as being for a time the seat of the colonial government. Not only do we find the courts held here, but the very elections, — men from the farthest extremes of the Colony sending their votes or "proxies" hither, or coming in person. Let us look in upon the exciting contest of 1637, where Vane and Winthrop are arrayed against each other. The Colonists are assembled on the afternoon of May 17, in a fashion borrowed from the parliamentary elections in England, beneath an oak-tree on the northerly side of Cambridge Common. It is a celebrated tree, which has got its full growth, though the Washington Elm is still but a sapling. There is much excitement, and some of the voters are ready to lay violent hands upon each other, — the party of Vane wishing to postpone the choice of officers, that of Winthrop desiring to proceed to it at once. At last there is a stir in the crowd, and against the trunk of the great oak-tree there rises, with struggling and clambering, the form of the Rev. John Wilson, the first minister of Boston. He is now forty-nine years old, and, being stout in person, has given his hat to one parishioner, his Geneva cloak to another, and climbs with bands somewhat dishevelled and face a good deal flushed. Clinging with one hand, probably, and gesticulating with the other, he harangues the people, bids them look to their charter and they will find that they have come here to elect officers and nothing else. His voice is echoed by a general cry of "Election, election, election!" The choice is made at once, and Winthrop supersedes Vane, the last year's governor,

all in consequence of this more than stump speech, with a whole oak-tree for a pedestal.[1]

In 1651 we find the town extended to its greatest size, — long and thin, as becomes an overgrown youth, — measuring eighteen miles in length, and only a mile in width. It is shaped like a pair of compasses, one leg extending through the region now known as Arlington, Lexington, Bedford, and Billerica, and the other shorter limb through Brighton and Newton, the present Cambridge representing only the head. All that later becomes Cambridgeport and East Cambridge is a region of meadow and salt marsh called the Neck, intersected by natural canals; having no roads, with no means of access to Boston except by boat, and visited from Cambridge only for purposes of fishing and hunting.[2] It may fill us with admiration for the courage and patient toil of our ancestors when we perceive how the successive parts of the overgrown Cambridge of 1651 are lopped away, and see a new city reclaimed from bog and marsh to take its place. If we thank the founders of the church and the state, we must also thank that long series of unknown benefactors who, with noiseless labor, put dry ground beneath their feet, till at length our City Hall stands where the spring tides of the river once came.

But where are the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil while this goes on? Who are these five swarthy boys, who tread swiftly with light steps the streets

[1] Holmes's Cambridge, p. 9. Winthrop's Life and Letters, ii. 176. Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, i. 61.

[2] See Dr. Abiel Holmes's Memoir of Cambridgeport, p. 1, in appendix to his sermon at the ordination of Rev. T. B. Gannett, Jan. 19, 1814.

of the little town, in the year 1659? They turn into Crooked Street, now Holyoke Street, and enter the door of a little schoolhouse, just where the deserted printing-office now stands. This is the house of Mr. Elijah Corlet, that "venerable old schoolmaster in Cambridge," as Cotton Mather calls him, who teaches "a faire grammar school for boys, that still, as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the Colledge." Only two of the Indian pupils ripen to that extent, but those two, Joel and Caleb, are called forth on Commencement Day, 1659, just before entering, and are examined by the President in turning a chapter of Isaiah into English. More interesting than either of these, perhaps, is another of Master Corlet's scholars, who passes into that other university, the printing-press, and there toils, the livelong day, on Eliot's Bible and Pierson's Indian Catechism. These are the propositions he prints, in alternate English and Indian, "How do you prove that there is but one God? Answer. Because singular things of the same kind, when they are multiplied, are differenced among themselves by their singular properties; but there cannot be found another God differenced from this by any such like properties."[1] Singular, indeed, were the properties of an intellectual diet like this, and we cannot wonder that Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck, *Indus*, remains the only aboriginal name on the Harvard catalogue, or that he died of rapid consumption within a few months after taking his degree.

Another year passes by, and what stern strangers are

[1] Dr. J. H. Trumbull, in Memorial History of Boston, i. 467.

these, representing European civilization instead of savage wildness? Their presence links the little town with events that have shaken the Old World to its centre. The same ship that, in 1660, brings to Boston the news of Charles II.'s restoration, brings also two of those who doomed his father to death. Goffe and Whalley, known in popular parlance as "the Colonels," land in Boston, go at once to Cambridge, and "are entertained by the magistrates with great solemnity and feasted," even when proclaimed as "traitors" to the crown. Goffe's diary has in part been printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society. It makes little of feasting or solemn entertainments, but touchingly describes a visit paid to Elder Frost in his poor abode. "A glorious saint," writes the exile, "makes a mean cottage a stately palace: were I to make my choyce, I would rather abide with this saint in his poor cottage than with any of the princes I know of, at this day, in the world." There is a grim dignity in this compliment, coming from a man who had helped rid the world of at least one prince. The regicides stayed but a short time in Cambridge, yet long enough to leave to our local dialect a singular oath, which I remember distinctly to have heard here in boyhood, "By Goffe-Whalley!" It is a curious commentary on the career of these bold men, that their names should have been the object of malediction throughout one continent, and the vehicle of it in another.

With such diverse elements in society, the Cambridge of that day cannot have been the dull, prosaic place we sometimes fancy when we think of a Puritan town.

Life was varied by the perils and excitements of frontier life, mingled with the pomps and the crimes of a type of society now passed away. Consider how much of adventure was represented by the hunts which brought in seventy-six wolves' heads as late as 1696, and which yielded annually "many" bears down to the period of the Revolution. Recall the picture of those magnificent funerals, like that of Andrew Belcher, in 1717, when ninety-six pairs of kid gloves were issued, and fifty suits of mourning clothes were made for guests, at the cost of the estate. Or turn from this to the tragedy enacted at the Gallows Lot, near what is now Arlington Street, then the northwesterly corner of the old Common. It is 1755; there is still slavery in Massachusetts, and two negroes belonging to Captain Codman, of Charlestown, have committed "petty treason" by murdering their master. They are drawn on sleds to the place of execution. Mark, a young fellow of thirty, is hanged, and Phillis, "an old creature," is burned to death at a stake ten yards from the gallows. When we think that this fearful tragedy took place but one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and that it does not seem to have created a protest or a ripple in public opinion, shall we not be charitable to those communities in which the virus of slavery has worked far more profoundly and more recently than with our fathers?[1]

[1] I am reminded by my friend Professor James B. Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, that the punishment of death for petty treason, defined in the dictionaries as "the offence of killing a master or a husband," was in 1755 punishable with death by English law, without special reference to chattel slavery or to the race of the servant; but it may

But we must hasten onward. The shadow of the great Revolution draws near. Nowhere better than in Cambridge can we understand how essentially this was an outbreak of the people, as distinct from the wealthier classes. After the original simplicity of the settlers, when Winthrop censured Dudley for wainscoting his house, had come a period of social magnificence. From Brattle Square to Mount Auburn there extended an unbroken series of stately houses representing the aristocracy of Cambridge, — the Brattles, Vassalls, Lechmeres, Olivers, Ruggleses, and the rest. Madame Riedesel, the wife of a general captured with Burgoyne's army, wrote thus about them: "Never had I chanced upon such an agreeable situation. Seven families, who were connected with each other, partly by the ties of

be doubted whether it would have been actually inflicted, at that period and on this soil, except when the crime was aggravated by these two considerations. As to the burning, it was regarded as an act of humanity, strange to say, in the opinion of that period. The punishment for petty treason in case of men was to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered;" and Blackstone says, in respect to women, that "in treasons of every kind the punishment of women is the same, and different from that of men. For as the decency due to the sex forbids the exposing and publicly mangling their bodies, their sentence (which is to the full as terrible to sensation as the other) is to be drawn to the gallows and there to be burned alive." And again he says, "The punishment of petty treason, in a man, is to be drawn and hanged, and in a woman to be drawn and burnt; the idea of which latter punishment seems to have been handed down to us by the laws of the ancient Druids, which condemned a woman to be burnt for murdering her husband; and it is now the usual punishment for all sorts of treason committed by those of the female sex." (Blackstone's Commentaries (ed. 1790), iv. 93, 204.) Pike's "History of Crime" (ii. pp. 378, 379, 649) shows that there were two cases of the burning of women for petty treason in the Western Circuit of England between 1782 and 1784, and the author seems to think the latter the last case known. Petty treason was made simple murder by Mass. Sts. 1784, c. 69.

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LOWELL'S HOUSE.

relationship and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens, and magnificent houses, and, not far off, plantations of fruit. The owners of these were in the habit of meeting each other in the afternoons, now at the house of one, now at another, and making themselves merry with music and the dance, living in prosperity, united and happy, until, alas! this ruinous war severed them, and left all their houses desolate except two, the proprietors of which were also soon obliged to flee." These men had not only the high social positions, but the civil and military offices. Brattle was major-general of the province and colonel of the train-band; Henry Vassall was lieutenant-colonel, and Oliver was lieutenant-governor of the province. Up and down Brattle Street they walked, as a Cambridge author has said, "scarlet-coated, rapiered figures, . . . creaking on red-heeled shoes, lifting the ceremonious three-cornered hat, and offering the fugacious hospitalities of the snuff-box."[1]

So uniformly did they take the wrong side in the Revolution that this chain of houses was popularly called "Tory Row;" and I can remember to have heard that name still sometimes given to Brattle Street in my boyhood. But these houses are now identified with the later and more lasting intellectual honors of Cambridge. The long-celebrated school of William Wells was in the house of Ruggles; Margaret Fuller lived in that of Brattle; Lowell (were he only with us to-day!) still occupies that of Oliver; Longfellow has

[1] Lowell's Fireside Travels, p. 80.

given a more permanent fame to that of Vassall. The "Tory Row" of our ancestors has become the "Glory Row" of our poets.

Let us revisit that street in fancy, as it appeared when the days of the Revolution were approaching. It must be remembered that, after the Boston Port Bill had reduced the whole region to distress, there came an order that the members of the governing council should not be elected, as before, by the General Court, but that they, with the governor and lieutenant-governor, should be appointed by the crown. It happened that the Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver, and two Councillors, Danforth and Lee, were citizens of Cambridge. Against these last officers, called habitually "mandamus" councillors, from the word with which the royal order began, great popular wrath arose. Could we look on the vicinity of Cambridge on Sept. 2, 1774, we should see parties of excited men drawing together from all Middlesex County, bringing arms, ammunition, and provisions, and finally depositing these in improvised camps, and hurrying on, armed with sticks only, to the town square of Cambridge, pausing on the way, sometimes, to hoot and groan before the houses on "Tory Row." Round the court-house steps we should see a gathering of several thousand men, talking, gesticulating, swearing; yet they are not a mad mob, but, as Oliver afterward assures Gage, "the freeholders of the county." At last there rises among them the figure of an infirm man, almost seventy-five years old, — Judge Danforth, who has been a member of the council by thirty-six successive

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elections. There is a general hush to hear him, and he tells them, with a voice still firm, that he had meant to accept the appointment, believing that he could serve them in it, but that, finding the general popular feeling against it, he has resolved to resign it. He gives them a written pledge: "Although I have this day made an open declaration to a great concourse of people who assembled at Cambridge that I had resigned my seat at the council board, yet, for the further satisfaction of all, I do hereby declare under my hand that such resignation has actually been made." Judge Lee, a younger man, standing by Danforth, makes a similar declaration; the meeting unanimously votes that it accepts the declaration, and also that it disapproves of mobs, riots, and the destruction of private property, — this vote being carried, probably, amid a flourishing of sticks which looks a little inconsistent with its spirit.

But the end is not yet. Just as all seems subsiding, an obnoxious revenue commissioner, Benjamin Hallowell, unluckily drives through the town and is recognized; horsemen to the number of one hundred and sixty make after him; part are disarmed and return; but one person, who comes down to history only as "a gentleman of small stature," keeps on after Mr. Hallowell, and stops his chaise. Hallowell snaps his pistols in vain, jumps from his chaise, and mounts his servant's horse, then gallops through Roxbury to Boston. His horse drops exhausted within the gates, and he runs on foot toward the camp, crying aloud that all Cambridge is risen in rebellion, and thousands

of men are at his heels. Never before was one gentleman of small stature so enormously multiplied. The camp is up; friends of the patriotic cause send a messenger on a fleet horse to Cambridge, where the mob is not yet dispersed. The crowd accepts the defiance, and marches to the house of Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, — the house now occupied by Professor Lowell, — and he is summoned forth, — "a dapper little man," as contemporary fame describes him.[1] They require him to resign his office in writing, which he does, and adds: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by about four thousand people, in compliance with their command I sign my name." Then, and not till then, the crowd disperses. It is easy to see in this armed gathering of Middlesex freeholders in Cambridge a fit preparation for that other armed gathering a little more than six months later, when many of the same men shall assemble to waylay Percy's troops on the Concord road. But the Cambridge turmoil ends in peaceful dispersal, and, after the manner of Anglo-Saxons, by eating and drinking. The Boston Gazette[2] says: "The gentlemen from Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge having provided some refreshment for their greatly fatigued brethren, they cheerfully accepted, took leave, and departed in high good humor and well satisfied." Let us hope that at the feast the health of the gentleman of small stature was drunk with an eminently appropriate three times three.

Let us hasten forward to that period of seven months

[1] Drake's Historic Fields and Mansions, p. 319.

[2] Sept. 5, 1774, quoted in Paige's Cambridge, p. 151.

later, the eve of the first revolutionary skirmish. We owe to a Cambridge woman, Mrs. Hannah Winthrop, perhaps the most vivid picture of that night of trial, "the horrors of that midnight cry," as she calls it, "preceding the bloody battle of Lexington." The women of Cambridge are aroused in the night by the beat of drums and ringing of bells. They are told that the British troops are marching on an expedition, and that, on their return, they are to burn the College and lay waste the town. The women take refuge with their children at "a place called Fresh Pond," in sight and hearing of the skirmishing at West Cambridge, or Menotomy. There are seventy or eighty women with their children watching, while every shot may tell of the ruin of a home. They spend the night there, and the next day are ordered to Andover, whither the treasures of the College have already been sent. They begin their pilgrimage, alternately walking and riding. The roads are full of women and children; they cross the fields of Menotomy, now Arlington, then a part of Cambridge, where the dead bodies lie unburied. This is one woman's account.[1]

Meanwhile, upon these very fields, another woman, wife of John Hicks, has sent her boy of fourteen to look for his father. The child comes upon him dead by the roadside, with William Marcy and Moses Richardson close by. All these are from Cambridge. Hicks has served in the "Boston Tea Party," and he and Richardson are both beyond military age. Marcy is a half-witted youth. The boy procures help and a wagon, and he

[1] Women of the American Revolution, by Elizabeth F. Ellet, i. 94, 95.

and some of the women return home with their dead. Hastily, by torchlight, the three are buried in one grave. They are laid in their bloody garments, and the son of Richardson, by a hasty impulse, turns the cape of his father's coat over his face to shield it. A century after, in searching for the grave, a piece of stained cloth is found, worn with years, but still bearing, in the opinion of chemists, some traces of the blood shed that this nation might live.[1]

No place is more saturated than Cambridge with associations that bind us with the opening years of the American Revolution. In the old church that stood near where Dane Hall now stands — the church whose hinged seats I can remember to have let fall with delight in childhood — was held the first provincial congress which organized the minute-men and the Committee of Safety. From yonder old house, the "gambrel-roofed house" of Dr. Holmes, issued the order for the fortifying of Bunker Hill, and from its doorstep President Langdon offered prayer ere the troops marched away. Down yonder street rode Putnam, probably in shirt-sleeves and leather breeches, eager for the fray. On the Common were gathered the rough tents of the provincials, and, beneath the well-known elm, Washington assumed command. There, also, was first reared the "great union" flag, bearing the mingled crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, with thirteen stripes. The very street on which this building fronts was created by the Revolution, inasmuch as Washington laid it out

[1] Address by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., Cambridge Revolutionary Memorial, pp. 33, 39.

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as a military road, ending in a battery which cannonaded Boston, and from which was thrown the cannon-ball once imbedded in the walls of Brattle Street Church.[1] The very buildings of Harvard College were used for barracks. It was called the "hotbed of the rebellion." So thorough was its patriotism that one student was refused readmission, when the classes were again assembled, because he had spoken disrespectfully of Congress and even of the General Court. If such severity were used in these times, I fear that the College would be decimated more severely than by the measles.

We must pass rapidly over the years that have made us a nation. Once again the panorama of war unrolls, and another April renews, in 1861, the excitement of 1775. With singular appropriateness, the first to volunteer for the civil war is the great-grandson of that Moses Richardson, who was buried with his face veiled in his bloody cape. As early as Jan. 5, 1861, Captain, afterwards Colonel James P. Richardson issued his call for a militia company, now claimed to have been the first recruited expressly for the Union service after the breaking out of the rebellion. The President's call for three months' men was dated April 15, the Governor's order April 16, and this company reached the State House, ninety-five strong, on the morning of the 17th. After the three months' service all but two reenlisted; twenty-seven were ultimately commissioned as officers; twenty-one received the higher promotion of death. In presence of facts like these, words are

[1] Drake's Historic Fields and Mansions, p. 180. Paige's Cambridge, p. 432.

needless to show that the old New England spirit has not died out from among us. More than four thousand men went into the military and naval service from Cambridge, during the civil war; nearly four hundred lost their lives. And of the loyalty and self-devotion of those who owe to Harvard University their education, this stately building will speak so long as there remains a vestige of its walls.

Upon the peaceful progress of Cambridge since it became a city, in 1846, it is not needful that I should dwell. These events are too near to have yet mellowed into history, and some future orator, to whom we and ours have become a part of antiquity, must gather up their memorials and make them his theme. Suffice it to say that the disinterested energy and public spirit required to carry on the ordinary administration of a city like this imply qualities such as only self-governing nations show. The danger is, that communities which show them will become materialized in the process, and be too much absorbed in their own successes. Here comes in the influence of our great University, and restores the balance of our judgment. Its presence among us is a perpetual pledge to a larger standard of social aims. Let other cities point to their myriad spindles and their vast machine-shops; it is the boast of Cambridge, that, while not wanting in respect to these things, she has reared a community in which wealth takes but its just place, and a man is chiefly valued for what he knows and what he is.

In proof of this, what more is needed than to recall the simple and noble services which took place this

morning in this very hall? In France and in Germany I have seen memorial pageants, gorgeous with the trappings of war; in England I have seen municipal festivals, resplendent with art and manufactures; but I have never seen any celebration so deeply memorable as when the city of Cambridge, bringing together its thousands of young children, placed before them two of her poets, and said "These are my jewels."

How swiftly passes away, after all, the short space of two hundred and fifty years! A very few lives compass it. We, who remember even the civil war, seem old men to schoolboys who only read of it; and I was asked some time since, by a little urchin, whether I was in the battle of Bunker Hill. But many of us can remember aged men who claimed to have been present at that battle, and who long seemed rather to multiply than diminish in numbers. Those men had talked with men who had known the second Governor Dudley; and he was the son of the first Governor Dudley, who built the great palisade and kept the little settlement safe. A few lives thus bridge the whole interval, but the difference of thoughts and manners is greater than of years. Perhaps no one of us would now say, like Dudley, that he hated the very name of toleration, nor does any successor of Shepard pray his prayers or preach his sermons. But the principles of rectitude, on which they sought to fashion the world around them, must be the basis of the modern Cambridge and of that larger Cambridge that is yet to be. Approach, unveil thyself, unseen story of the future! This brief retrospect of the half-hidden past is done.

At the conclusion of the morning exercises a lunch was served in the Memorial Hall Dining-Room, and, in the interval between the afternoon exercises and the banquet, the members of the City Council and the invited guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Union Club, at the club-rooms, in Cambridgeport.

THE BANQUET AT UNION HALL.

THE BANQUET AT UNION HALL.

AT a little past six o'clock the people began to gather at Union Hall to attend the banquet, which was to bring the day's celebration to a close. The hall had been elaborately decorated by Colonel William Beals for the occasion, and it presented to the assembling company a brilliant and beautiful scene. From the centre of the ceiling to the cornice on all sides of the hall hung pennants, twenty in number, forming a graceful canopy of the national colors. The centre-piece was a shield bearing the date "1630," and flanked by four flags upon short staffs. Upon the centre of the wall, in the rear of the platform, was a painted female figure, nine feet high, representing the genius of America. Over it was an eagle covered with a thousand spangles, which shone with dazzling brightness. The wall on either side of the painting was hidden by flags, and encircling the whole device were the words, in letters of gold upon a blue ground, "The Celebration of the 250th Anniversary." The cornice around the rear and side walls was covered with bunting; and upon the faces of the pilasters were hung the banners of all nations, the top of each supporting a coat of arms of one of the States. In the centre of the rear wall were the figures "1880," surrounded by flags; and along the front of the galleries were festoons of red, white, and blue bunting, dotted with various colored shields. The walls beneath the galleries were also festooned with flags and

banners. Spanning the long table upon the platform was an arch burning a hundred gas-jets, and the platform itself was fringed with pot-plants and bouquets. The general effect was pleasing in the extreme.

Eight rows of tables, with tasteful settings of china and glass, and a liberal display of flowers, were placed lengthwise the hall, offering accommodations for six hundred and fifty persons, and every seat was occupied. At a prominent place upon the floor sat six members of the Governor's staff, and at other tables were seated the members of the City Council and many of the most prominent citizens. Ladies and gentlemen were present in about equal numbers. His Honor the Mayor presided, and was surrounded on the platform by the following invited guests: Governor John D. Long, President Charles W. Eliot, the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., the Rev. William Newell, D.D., the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., the Rev. Lucius R. Paige, D.D., the Hon. E. S. Tobey, Dr. William Everett, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Collector A. W. Beard, Ex-Governor William Claflin, the Hon. John W. Candler, the Hon. J. M. S. Williams, and Ex-Mayors J. Warren Merrill, Ezra Parmenter, Charles H. Saunders, H. O. Houghton, Frank A. Allen, and Samuel L. Montague. The galleries were occupied by ladies and gentlemen who were participants in the festivities only as spectators.

During the evening the Dana Council Orchestra furnished excellent music; and between the speeches letters were read from William M. Evarts, George F. Hoar, J. A. Garfield, John G. Whittier, Robert C. Winthrop, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell.

The company came to order at a quarter before seven o'clock, and the Rev. Lucius R. Paige invoked the Divine blessing. An hour and a half later the Mayor rose, greeted with great applause, and spoke as follows: —

OPENING ADDRESS BY MAYOR J. M. W. HALL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — When the American Association for the Advancement of Science met, a few months since, in Boston, the Mayor of that city, in welcoming the members, remarked that it was the first time Boston had been honored by their convention. The President, in responding, said that the Association met once in Cambridge, and that outside of this region Cambridge was looked upon as a part of Boston. We sincerely hope this is not one of the results of the investigations of modern science. If it is, our scientific friends assuredly must to-day lay it upon the shelf among the rapidly accumulating list of "exploded theories." Cambridge, after two hundred and fifty years of existence, rejoices still in her individuality and independence, with a history in importance and splendor equalled by few cities on the American continent. Should the time ever come (as we hope it never may) when for any reason a union with our more populous neighbor should be thought best, we shall insist, as a condition not customary in matrimonial alliances, that Cambridge shall ever retain her maiden name.

It is a matter of history, I believe, that after Governor Winthrop, Deputy-Governor Dudley, and others concluded the formal agreement, Dec. 28, 1630, to settle Cambridge (or Newe-towne, as it was called), the good old Governor found, as he thought, before commencing to build, the following spring, that the water was better

on the other side of Charles River than on this side, and as a consequence he removed the frame of his house to Boston (or Shawmut), and erected it early in 1631. Governor Dudley built in Cambridge, and lived here some years, drinking its water, — no doubt, the pure Fresh Pond water. He died in 1653, at the good old age of seventy-six. Governor Winthrop moved to Boston, and died in 1649 at the comparatively early age of sixty-two. The historian does not add, what I think under the circumstances we may with some degree of confidence assert, that, had Governor Winthrop remained in Cambridge and drank the Fresh Pond water, his life would have been prolonged many years, — certainly to the age of Governor Dudley. It would seem as if there must be some of the lineal descendants of Governor Winthrop among us at the present day, who turn with longing eyes to Boston's water-supply. If such there be here, we can only say, remember Governor Winthrop's early fate and take warning.

It is asked by some, What is the value of observing a *semi*-centennial? Why not wait until the centennials come round? Now, whatever that old adage may mean, "Never do things by halves," it was not intended to be applied to semi-centennial celebrations. Certainly, if for no other reason than that of compassion for the historian of the future, it is a duty for every city and town in this country to gather the records of each fifty years, and leave them in a compact form for reference in the years to come; and indeed a still more apparent reason is, that, did we observe only centennials of our

history, most of us would have a slim chance of being present at the next one.

We celebrate a double anniversary to-day, — our first quarter-millennial and our fifth semi-centennial. The Orator of the Day has rendered great service to this city by so interestingly and fully collating the principal events of our first two hundred and fifty years, and in such a way as must prove of large value, not only in our day, but to the historian of the future. To attempt to recapitulate them on this occasion would be as unwise as it would be unnecessary.

The last fifty years of our history are perhaps the most important of the five semi-centennials, so far as material results are concerned. During this period our city has grown from childhood into manhood, — from the town of six thousand to the city of fifty-three thousand inhabitants, with $50,000,000 valuation. That the next fifty years, on whose threshold we stand, will be as prosperous as the last, we do not doubt.

I have invited others to speak to you this evening, more particularly than I can, of some of the local changes of the last half-century as witnessed by them. Permit me to ask you to follow me in imagination as I step forward fifty years. And surely a little extravagance of thought may be permitted, since nothing we are likely to suppose for the next half-century can surpass in degree the marvellous changes of these last fifty years.

Few persons not connected with a city government realize the amount of time and thought even *now* required and bestowed on questions of " water-supply

and drainage." Our neighboring city is at the present time endeavoring to perfect a system which has already required the best scientific skill in our land and an outlay of many millions of dollars. What, then, may we expect to witness fifty years hence in these directions? In the first place, instead of constant perplexities among the Water Boards as to how a sufficient supply of pure water can be furnished for all probable demands, science will have unravelled the difficulty and have brought aerial currents under such control that at any time an old-fashioned thunder-storm can be produced and our reservoirs and storage-basins replenished at a few hours' notice. What will become of "Old Probabilities" when that time comes I leave you to imagine. His calculations would always have to be qualified somewhat as follows: "For New England, clear weather with rising barometer, subject to local interferences in the way of manufactured thunder-storms."

The question of drainage of all these cities and towns — which seems likely to drain their treasuries too — will then be satisfactorily adjusted. Even now the needs of one city must be determined in its relation to adjacent cities or towns, and even to remote districts bordering on the same river. This must soon assume such magnitude as to require State legislation and supervision; and since most rivers in their courses flow through several States, eventually a National Commission will have to be established. This Commission will very likely report in favor of a great national system, to which States shall be tributary,

emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, and thence carried by the Gulf Stream far beyond the reach of any human habitation into mid-ocean. But an international question may here arise. As the Gulf Stream sweeps around the northern coast of Europe, our Norwegian friends may object to our plans, and the dream of the distinguished gentleman from that country (Prof. Björnson) who has been with us the last few months may prove true. In conversation with him a few days since I asked what he thought of the future of republicanism in Europe. He replied, "Grand, grand; and my belief is, that eventually Norway, Holland, and the United States are to form one republic." It did not occur to me then, as it does now in thinking of fifty years ahead, that the drainage question will bring it to pass. Then, too, shall one hope of the modern "Greenbacker" be realized, for all idle laborers in the country shall find ample employment on the great national sewer, and epidemics shall no more appear.

There are other matters of minor importance, such as quick transit; more rapid direct communication; how our suburbs shall be occupied, and the country towns be prevented from decline, and our larger cities relieved of their overcrowded population. The telephone, pneumatic tubes, and elevated roads are already solving these problems. The solution of them is greatly facilitated by those very convenient but most conservative institutions, "horse-railroads."

Then, too, the question of cheap light seems to be practically settled already by the electric light, which bids fair to eclipse the gas-light in diminished cost

and increased brilliancy. What improvements and applications of this are to be made within fifty years are beyond computation. We may anticipate that in the near future large globes of electric light will nightly be suspended above our cities, diffusing the light of day and making of the moon a third-rate luminary. This same power that gives the light is yet to drive the engine, — and then good-bye to boiler explosions. It will be applied in numberless ways to domestic and manufacturing purposes, ministering to the comfort and convenience of humanity.

An instrument has recently been invented to weigh and measure human thought. When Job of old exclaimed, "Oh that my grief were weighed!" possibly he foresaw that the nineteenth century could do such a thing. What the next improvement here will be I hardly venture to predict, — possibly a machine to do men's thinking. I should hope that my successor, whoever he may be, who has the arrangement of our third Centennial, may have some such auxiliary on that occasion. And so we might go on till

"Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away."

But I am sure we have drawn upon the imagination to such an extent that we shall be glad to return to the sober and practical realities of the present, which is so important a factor in what the future is to be. What the next *two hundred and fifty* years will produce we may not tell: our wildest conjecture would fall far short of the reality. What the next *fifty* years will bring we can but *dimly* imagine. With half the same

ratio of increase in our city for the next half-century, our entire water-front will be filled with busy manufactories, and the now vacant land on our broad avenues be covered with pleasant homes. If Cambridge is regarded by some as more of a dormitory or adjunct of Boston than as a distinct municipality, we need not on that account have any fears as to our continued growth; for Boston is getting to be such a poor place to sleep in that it is an excellent reputation for any city or town to be considered a good resting-place, and Cambridge has the double advantage of offering to tired humanity her attractive homes for a short sleep and either of the beautiful cemeteries for a longer sleep. Looked at in either light, Cambridge is destined to grow. It is a most pleasant thought that so many, from all over our country, desire, after life's battles are fought and its work finished, to be laid to rest here within the quiet and peaceful shades of our cities of the dead, and to mingle their dust with earth that was consecrated by the first blood shed for American liberty, and hallowed in being in every generation the resting-place of so many who deemed no sacrifice too great to maintain and transmit unsullied this magnificent fabric of States united for *free government* of *free men.*

And what shall the future be? We may not tell: we *may* tell. We are so immersed in the present that it sometimes seems as if we had the present alone to deal with; but it is upon the future we are each day setting our seal, and as we mould so shall others use and occupy. We think of the past, and say our fathers laid the foundation; we are building on that. "They

builded better than they knew," say we; so does every man who knows how to build, for he builds with God. But are we laying no foundation? Most certainly. We are not only building on, but adding to the foundation laid two hundred and fifty years ago. And what the future may be is ours largely to determine. As we look around us and see these tangible evidences of success, we rejoice in the mighty accomplishments. In certain parts of our land are relics of a past race, who are known to us only as "mound-builders." Who they were, for what they lived, we know not. So far as we are concerned their lives were useless, except to excite our curiosity; but no more so than ours will be, if our ideal is no higher than the mere material wealth which adorns a city. No, it is not in these we would delight so much as in that which makes all these things possible. That faith in the republic which shall put to flight all such miserable doubts as ask "How long shall it last?" that love for freedom which shall scorn to shackle any man in soul or body, which shall bid every earnest seeker for truth and true manhood "God-speed"; that reverence for the past which shall ever hold in high regard those who dared to be true to themselves and true to us, by being true to God,—who, with the Charter in one hand and the Bible in the other, learned the secret of all true and sure government in obedience to God first; that love for our children which shall leave them something better than silver and gold, even the example which shall daily teach them to fear God and the homely old virtues, love for truth and fidelity to trust, and a charity which shall reach a helping hand to

every brother-man to lift him to a nobler and better life, — these shall make the republic firm and enduring. So shall we too lay foundations as deep and strong and sure as those on which we build, which others laid. So shall our lives fit into theirs, and they without us shall not be made perfect. For our work shall be made manifest, that not for time alone, but for eternity we builded; for above these things that are seen and temporal shall rise ourselves above ourselves into lives that shall be eternal.

The sentiment offered as the first toast of the evening was, — "The Republic of the United States; strong in that which is the truest Liberty."

RESPONSE BY COLLECTOR A. W. BEARD, OF BOSTON.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — When I accepted the invitation to be present at the exercises of the day, it was understood that a distinguished member of the Cabinet was to respond to the sentiment just announced, and that I was to have the pleasure of attendance, without having, by any words of mine, to mar the harmony of the occasion. But notwithstanding, Mr. Mayor, that you have placed me in this position, I thank you for the invitation which brought me here, and has extended to me all the privileges which I have enjoyed to-day. It is worth years of a man's life to witness what I witnessed in the morning in the exercises of the children of this city, and to see the loving greeting which they gave to the poets Longfellow and Holmes. It was no ordinary privilege

this afternoon to listen to the oration from a Cambridge citizen, in which he traced the progress of the city of Cambridge, and, in tracing the progress of the city of Cambridge, traced the progress of the State and of the nation. The Orator of the Day said that two hundred and fifty years was but a short time, and so it is in the history of the world. But when we think of what has been accomplished in that two hundred and fifty years, of all the progress that has been made, not only here but elsewhere, it seems as though there must have been very little of history before the commencement of the two hundred and fifty years that we have remembered to-day. It has been the history of Cambridge and the great changes taking place in this city that the Orator has traced to-day; but the national progress has kept pace with that of your city. What was a wilderness two hundred and fifty years ago is to-day a great nation, with multitudes of people from ocean to ocean. This nation, with its fifty millions of people, has an intercommerce and business transactions between the States more in amount than the commerce of all the world on the day which you celebrate here to-night. We are a people occupying a country with almost all the resources that abound in all the climes of the world, — bound together by means of communication such as nobody dreamed of two hundred and fifty years ago. This morning, when Mr. Holmes was reading his poem, in which he related the incident that gave rise to the poem, when he stood in the tower of Pisa, and saw the flag of his country in far-off Livorno, the thought occurred to me that many would be reminded that, with

all our prosperity, with all this great commerce that we are having with the rest of the world,— a commerce that our fathers could have had no conception of,— $1,500,000,000 in a single year, — this great commerce is carried on principally under foreign flags; that our banner, "the red and the white and the starry blue," is not the flag under which the products of the American people are carried to the world elsewhere, and the products of the world are brought to us; but I have no particular lamentation to make on that account. Whenever the people of this country have fully developed the means of intercommunication between the States; whenever there is a surplus of capital above what is needed to bring the products of the country to the seaboard; in short, whenever the Yankee nation gets ready to take the carrying trade across the ocean into its own hands,—it will find a way to do it, with or without navigation laws. My friend on the right (Hon. J. M. S. Williams) says "we can get along without buying British bottoms." We have been without buying them for all these years, and I don't see that we have gained much by that policy. But I am not going to discuss that question.

A few days ago I attended at Plymouth the celebration of the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims there; and I heard a good deal of discussion as to whether the Pilgrims, who landed on Plymouth Rock two hundred and sixty years ago, foresaw the glories of this great nation which they then founded; and much discussion whether John Robinson, when he gave his blessing to the party who sailed

in the Mayflower, felt that the full light — the full religious light — of the Bible had then beamed on the world, or whether there would be further developments of religious truth than he and they understood. I did not take a great deal of interest in the discussion of these questions. I was thinking all the while of what that people did when they came here, in founding and establishing a government. I said a few moments ago that when we considered the progress of the last two hundred and fifty years, we had reason to think there was very little of history before; but these were a people who landed on that barren rocky shore, — about a hundred souls, poor in this world's goods, not educated according to the standard of education at that day or the present, — and they announced a public policy and government that was perfect. We are told in the story of heathen mythology how Minerva came from the head of Jove full-grown and full-armed. But here was an humble people who planted on Plymouth Rock a policy that the two hundred and sixty years that have passed have made little improvement upon, — a policy of equal rights, equal before God and equal before the law. And in looking back upon the history of the colonists who came to this New England, there is another point that has imprinted itself upon my mind. Of all the colonies that were established, of all the settlements that were made in these New England States that were permanent, only one came here with a prepared government, with a code of laws made in England, and that was the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from which this city derives its settlement; and that was less liberal, politi-

cally and religiously, than any of the others; that had an elevated class and exhibited distrust of the people, although it was a great advance on anything that the civilized world knew before. The Plymouth colonists made their government themselves; it was a *government for the people, made by the people.* The colonies that went forth from the Massachusetts Colony to Hartford and to New Haven, the men who were driven from the Massachusetts Colony to Rhode Island, — all those colonies made their own governments, and they made them governments of equal rights and equal voices. In the Massachusetts Colony it is interesting to see the extended struggle that was made by the people to acquire full rights for the common people. There were educated men and rich men here, claiming what the rich and educated classes usually have claimed in the history of all the world, — claiming precedence. They had assistant governors; they had a class called freemen, but constantly the people contended for more rights than they had, and they gained them. The little Colony of Plymouth stamped its character on all the New England colonies; and it is interesting to look back and see that when a confederation was formed of the New England colonies, Plymouth alone required its representatives to refer back to the people the action of the confederated assembly before they were willing to ratify its acts and come into the confederation. It is interesting, in tracing the history of the colonists, to see how religiously they regarded the rights of the people, how they persevered in the idea of an annual election. I wish to place to-night particular emphasis on this

point of an *annual election.* Why, the people of Boston, the people of Cambridge, and all the people in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, were unwilling to trust even Winthrop to be elected governor for more than one year. The people of Connecticut were equally jealous; they were unwilling to trust the younger Winthrop to be elected governor for more than one year; but if I recollect aright, they re-elected him for seventeen years. They felt that their servants should be responsible to them; and if they did well, they were continued in office, but if they did not do well, they elected others to take their places. Now, Mr. Mayor, and ladies and gentlemen, I am old-fashioned enough to wish to follow the example of our fathers. I believe in annual elections, and the responsibility which is felt by the servants of the people to the people, because of the recurrence of these annual elections.

The fathers carefully guarded the education of the children. They said that they should be well grounded in that education that was necessary to the prosecution of the common pursuits of life; and the children of those days had the best of education in the necessity that compelled every man to earn his own living, — the practical education which only required enough of scholastic acquirement to protect a man in his daily avocations and dealings with his neighbors. There is no education so practical as that acquired by a man who earns his own living.

Mr. Mayor, a good deal has been said to-day about the part Cambridge — this city that you have reason to love so well — has had in the history of the past. The

best wish that I can wish you and the citizens of this city, and those who are to come after you, is, that when the people of Cambridge shall celebrate the coming tricentennial, fifty years hence, they can honestly feel, as you can to-day, that this city has continued to exercise that beneficent influence on this great nation that you can proudly claim that it has in the past two hundred and fifty years.

Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT was then introduced as the Poet of the evening.

RESPONSE BY DR. WILLIAM EVERETT.

As this is an antiquarian celebration, of course I turned to the colonial records to find out what happened two hundred and fifty years ago. In them I got hold of a very fine fact, I thought, for my poem, which was that, although the General Court formally gave the name of Cambridge to Newtowne in 1638, after the College was founded, in point of fact the *people* of Newtowne had settled the name for themselves by calling it Cambridge in 1636, some time before the College was put here. I stated this fact to some historical friends, and they patted me on the back for the discovery; but Dr. Paige was before me, and had made the real discovery that the words "now called Cambridge"[1] were written with a different kind of ink in

[1] The colonial records say "Newtowne *now called Cambridge*," in 1636, Sept. 8, that is, before any grant for a College at all. The General Court goes on meeting at *Newtowne*. The College is located at *Newtowne* in 1637. Newtowne is *formally* called Cambridge in 1638. It is these words that led the speaker to suppose a naming by the people in ordinary talk previous to the formal vote. But Dr. Paige says they are evidently a later addition.

the records of 1636, and so I was all wrong. Still my theory will do for a poem. I propose to show you how the inhabitants of Newtowne gave the name of Cambridge to themselves in 1636.

NAMING CAMBRIDGE.

1636.

In the old town of Newtowne, at Tom Chisholm's tavern,
Where is full entertainment for rider and beast,
The good folks are met round the chimney's deep cavern,
By Saturday night from their labors released.

And the steaming flip circles, and Puritan jokes
Relax their grim lips into many a smile,
As farmer and deacon their mutual pokes
Interchange on the sowing and selling the while.

They tell how the runaway boy got a whipping;
How Mark Nowell's strong waters were sadly dilute;
How Peter Harlakenden's ears wanted clipping
For saying Luke Knopp served his wife like a brute.

Mr. Shepard's great sermon; the Watertown bounds:
How Plymouth was talking of fighting the French;
Could the town ever make up the forty-two pounds
Which the council had levied, without a hard wrench?

How Endicott's ripping the cross from the flag
The court had decreed was a rash indiscretion,
And how his bold protest turned out to be brag,
Since at last he submitted, with humble confession.

So on goes their talk, till one topic more vital
Absorbs all the rest in its paramount claim —
"We 're sick of this Newtowne, this meaningless title;
Speak out, my good neighbors! What shall be our name?"

"The name for our town!" Back their thoughts go a-straying,
Till tear after tear down each rugged cheek steals;
To the village in England, where once they went maying,
And the old Gothic tower that the ivy conceals.

And each is alert that his own quiet town,
His own river ford, his own brisk harbor city,
Shall stamp on the meadow by Charles the renown
It bore in Old England in legend or ditty.

"Call it Bristol, the haven whence Hawkins, the sainted,
Carried slavery's blessings to Africa's sons;"
"Call it Warwick, where Brooke keeps the old faith untainted,
And Avon to Stratford in purity runs."

"Have it Huntingdon, town where our Cromwell is waiting
To strike some brave blow that bids England be free;
Or Buckingham; Hampden there now is debating
The rights we have rescued and borne o'er the sea."

"There 's Lincoln, that towers o'er the fens in her glory;
There 's Norwich, that rings to the brisk, busy loom;
There 's Winchester, home of the old Saxon story;
There 's Oxford, where Ridley walked firm to his doom."

"Call it — London," all shout till the rafters are shaken;
But old Danforth, removing his pipe from his lips,
Said, "Brethren, I doubt you are somewhat mistaken;
The Lord will not furnish our Charles with the ships."

And so, as they wrangled, the minister entered, —
A saint and a hero, with God and with man:
"And is this the best issue of all we have ventured,
That each one would name by his own selfish plan?

"Can you think of no town, whence, for ages and ages,
The stream of sound learning o'er England has poured?
That counteth by thousands her scholars and sages,
Renowned among men and inspired of the Lord?

"Where learned the brave martyrs, when roared round our Zion
The fagots of Oxford, God's truth to retain?
Who taught the wise council that nerved the she-lion
To hurl her defiance at Parma and Spain?

"Forget not the town in whose halls your true pastors
Learnt the wisdom Jehovah vouchsafes to his own;
And dared for his sake to reject those proud masters,
With you in the forest to serve him alone.

"Forget not; but here in the Charles' lovely valley
Let Cambridge her halls and her studies renew,
And, like that old mother, her sons round her rally,
To learning, to manhood, to Christ ever true.

"Then, when London's rich commerce shall fade from the water,
When Warwick's proud castle is sunk in the flame,
When Rome bows to ruin and Paris to slaughter,
New glory shall cover our town's peaceful name."

Governor LONG was called in response to the sentiment, "The State — the Mother of us all. Wherever we roam, our thought of her shall always be, 'God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.'"

RESPONSE BY GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG.

The conviction has been growing upon my mind of late, Mr. Mayor, that somehow or other the times are out of joint. Either my friends were indeed right when they said I was too young, — though I never heard that objection raised against my worthy predecessor, John Winthrop, who was of the same age, — or else everything and everybody have suddenly become unaccountably old. When the Orator of the Day told of the little boy who, questioning him about the war in which he

bore so illustrious a part, asked him if he was at the battle of Bunker Hill, it did not surprise me. My only wonder is that he did not suspect the Colonel of having been in the Pequot War, or even of being the redoubtable Miles Standish himself. Hardly an event has there been, during the short term of my administration, that was not from an hundred to two hundred and fifty years old; and last week at Plymouth the occasion ran even ten years beyond that. If the thing goes much farther, I shall feel like wearing silver buckles and a ruffle, and like putting iron pots on the heads of my Staff, which might be quite akin to them, and would certainly be vastly more becoming. How delightful it would be, and how refreshing, if for a moment we could only turn from the past, and, looking into the future, celebrate in advance the five hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Cottage City, or the violent annexation of the best part of Belmont to the city of Cambridge! It would give us such an admirable opportunity, which we should certainly improve, of dwelling upon our services, our sacrifices, our virtues, which I dare say are grander than any which have gone before, upon the simplicity and excellence of our magistrates, the dignity of our Mayors and Executive Councillors, the stern but salutary government of our Colleges, the quiet demeanor of our boys, and the repressed and sombre lives of our young women. How charming it would be to mouse out the musty manuscript of the oration of one Colonel Higginson, who gained his title in the peaceful militia service of Massachusetts, and whose quaint conceits and honest boasts

of the civilization of his day would certainly be pardonable in one who had only the education and advantages of the nineteenth century, but whose pure, though antiquated eloquence would go far to show that there were giants also in those days! I am not certain that, had our ancestors anticipated these anniversaries, they would not have most carefully concealed the dates of these early settlements, and so have spared their descendants the infliction of being compelled to hear, and, what is infinitely sadder, my friends, being compelled to speak, these conventional anniversary addresses.

But, seriously, Mr. Mayor, having been present at many similar occasions, I can most truly say here, what I have most truly said at all the rest of them, that nowhere is there such a wealth of historic interest, nowhere such a succession of significant events, nowhere such elements of high, sterling character, nowhere such enterprise, faith, courage, devotion, nowhere such love and appreciation of learning, and such contribution to its diffusion, as in the early history of the time and place which you now celebrate. Comprehensive and conciliatory as that statement is, it is yet the simple truth. For each of these anniversaries, which we do so well to celebrate by oration and banquet, by peal of bells and roar of cannon, by such a presence as this of your citizen men and women, amid the strains of your own music, and the decorations of your own halls, and by the spirited songs of your children, who bring their impressible minds to have photographed upon them the glory and goodness of the past, — each of these anniversaries is a type of all the rest, and all pay common

tribute to a common origin, a common ancestry, and a common training to which we are all alike indebted. If there is a continual glitter through the whole year, it is because, all around her coronet, Massachusetts is studded thick with jewels.

With you, it may well be your pride that it is light and honor and growth, all the way down in one broadening path, from the beginning till this day. When your Orator rose this afternoon, it seemed to me his only burden was his embarrassment of riches. How well he bore that burden those who were present and listened to him can bear witness. Winthrop and Dudley were in at your birth. The sacred name of the apostle John Eliot, still worthily honored down to and in this generation, is associated with the history of a portion of your ancient town; and with it is hallowed in every heart and every memory the establishment of that little College which has now become, in this your city of Cambridge, the most famous University in America. And where learning is, there religion, patriotism, and poetry also take root. Hence Hooker went to found a pious city. Upon these greens the American army was drawn up; under these elms Washington drew his sword and took command; along these highways marched Putnam, Stark, Green, and those other heroes, at the bare mention of whose names, — so tender is always the Revolutionary memory, — the heart stirs to tears quite as much as it stirs with pride. On your shores landed that flaunting detachment of British soldiers, which, after their memorable march to Lexington and Concord, came back with

broken ranks and trailing colors. Here is the home of Lowell; this is the birthplace of Holmes, whose poetry is that very health, the promotion of which has been his humbler and every-day calling. And here lives Longfellow, to apply to whom any descriptive phrase except to call him poet is to show what is the poverty on my tongue of that language which in his hand is only the potter's clay of grace and beauty and tenderness. Here, too, was the volunteering again — history repeating itself — of your best blood and bravest patriotism in the last fight for liberty and country.

But it is not for me to attempt an enumeration of names and events which could only be an injustice by reason of its meagreness. Nor may I refer to my own memories of Cambridge; or to my first sight of its towers one morning in June, so near the dawn that even the hourlies were not yet up and running, when at fourteen years of age, going to my college examination, I walked all the way from Boston, keeping the right-hand side of Main Street, every inch of which is blistered into my memory to this day; or to the later hour, when I sat crying in utter homesickness on the western steps of Gore Hall. That was certainly two hundred and fifty years ago, and the hearts that throbbed most at such a poor matter as my boyish heart-break are long since at rest.

I said a broadening path of growth. That is true. Venerable and honorable as is the past, our faces should be set toward the future. It is to the future that Massachusetts, always alert and progressive, points her finger. If she reveres and honors the time gone by,

as you revere and honor it to-day, it is only that she may be stimulated to better work in the time to come. We would not go back if we could. To do so would be to sleep like Rip Van Winkle, and wake to find that the world had swept by us out of sight, our garments out at elbow and our muskets crumbling. We may not have improved much, as we certainly have not, upon the purpose, the spirit, the moral force, the ultimate aim for self and for those who were to come after, which distinguished our fathers; but the expression, the appointments, the methods, are a thousand times better. Religion is still the same, but its garment of doctrine and formula has been renewed more than once. Character is still the man; but education, which is his fingers and his safeguard, has extended till it commands every spring and force of nature, and every avenue of intelligence and of thought. Our food is better, our clothing is better, our health is better, our books, our homes, our enjoyments are all better, our children are healthier, and life is more worth living to-day than it was then. But let us not forget that if it is so it is because the germ was in the early soil, and because our fathers, who planted it and nurtured it, were true to themselves and true also to us. Therefore let us honor their memories, and let us hand down to those who shall come after us the opportunity and the purpose for a gain and a growth greater even than our own. There is one word that sums it all, and that word is progress; that word is Massachusetts; that word is every human soul, every home, every town within her borders; that word, emphatically, is this your beautiful and classic,

your ancient and famous city of Cambridge, this graceful cluster of homes upon the banks of the Charles, this sparkling gem upon the fair forehead of the Commonwealth.

In introducing President ELIOT the Mayor said: "In the year 1860 our city elected a young man of unusually large intellectual capacity and executive ability as a member of the Common Council; and there is no doubt that, had he remained in politics, he would have risen to the position of an alderman, but Harvard College offered him more congenial pursuits and made him her President, — the youngest, I believe, she has ever had. It can truthfully be said that Harvard College has drawn some inspiration from the city, as well as the city from the College. I give you as the next sentiment, 'Harvard University.'"

RESPONSE BY PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

I am rather surprised, Mr. Mayor, that it is left to me to observe upon the presence of the ladies at this festival. I say I am surprised, because our distinguished friend, the Governor, has just been speaking. I do not know that any presence could be more appropriate, for we are celebrating the foundation of a town; and though I believe that men make the best pioneers and explorers, I am sure that no plantation or town or colony was ever settled except by the aid of women. The men have to hunt, and fish, and plough, and dig, and carry wood and water, but the women must cook, and wash, and sew, and bear and bring up the children that are to cause the growth and insure the permanence of the town. Let us therefore bear in our hearts, to-

night, a tender remembrance of the many strong, good, patient, enduring women who made an essential part of this little Cambridge. The town would never have been firmly settled without them.

The period of two hundred and fifty years is not so very long, ladies and gentlemen. Why, our friend, the Rev. Dr. Paige, might easily have talked, when he was young, with a man who had talked with one of the first settlers. Really three long lives cover this period, which appears to us so vast. Indeed, I think Dr. Paige must have talked with such an old gentleman, — talked with him a great deal. I was convinced this afternoon that Dr. Paige really made almost all the speeches that have been made to-day. I knew it because, in preparation for my own little share of to-day's festivities, I very carefully read Dr. Paige's History of Cambridge. And I observed this afternoon that the Orator of the Day had done the same. Indeed, I think we Cambridge people owe a great deal to the learned and accurate historian of the settlement.

Our friend, the Mayor, indulged this evening in a celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the city of Cambridge; and the Collector of the Port of Boston — the rival port of Boston — seemed to feel that the Pilgrim Fathers had done all that was worth mention on this side of the Atlantic, and that their principles were those which had been realized in the history of this people. And he dwelt at length also on a theme which I think most of us have heard touched upon before, namely, the vastness of this continent, and the number of people that could live on it; the amount of trans-

portation possible on this continent, and the number of things that we could send out of this country to a more needy one. Now, I feel some distrust as to the truth of the proposition that bigness of any kind is synonymous with true greatness. I love better to think, on an occasion like this, how poor, how few, the people were who settled Cambridge, for example, or Plymouth, and how long they held out here in a struggle with extreme poverty and hardship. The true greatness of a people is always in moral quality, and not in size of territory, or number, or riches. There are several great qualities of a people that I think the history of this little town illustrates. One of them is frugality, the principle of not paying out that which you have not got. I don't mean that the recent history of this town illustrates that, but the early history. For instance, one of the earliest public works in Massachusetts, and, I may add, one of the most enduring of the public works yet constructed in this country, is a ditch twelve feet wide and seven feet deep, from the river to the firm shore, executed at the expense of the town of Cambridge, in the second year of its settlement, by John Masters of Watertown, dug at once, and paid for by the taxes of the year. You may still see it on the western side of the College Wharf. That was a very necessary work. It enabled the people to bring by boats the lumber, or brick, or other heavy material which they needed for building their houses, and to land it conveniently at the foot of the mound where the old Cambridge stood. I wish we had always followed in the footsteps of our fathers in regard to public

THE MEMORIAL HALL AND THE SANDERS THEATRE.

works. We should be to-day a more numerous and a richer people. Their industry! Think how our fathers worked. We think we work hard, but they worked infinitely harder. Honesty! Are we any more honest than were our fathers? We cannot answer yes; we shall be very thankful to say that we are as honest as they.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, let me say one word about the relations of Harvard University to Cambridge. These two corporations have had a rough experience together; they have been very poor and humble together; I hope they are going to be rich and prosperous together. Let me say that it is the desire of the governing boards of the University to do everything in their power to enhance the value of the University to the city of Cambridge. Let me point out how dear Cambridge is, through the influence of the University, to thousands of men who cannot have the delight of passing their lives here. And it is truer than I can express that the influence of the College has always been upon the side of virtue, right, and freedom. We sometimes hear talk about educated men having a less firm faith than others in popular government and in the virtues of the people. I don't know how any man who has known anything of the history of Harvard University can believe that. From the very foundation of the College it was always upon the side of freedom, both in civil government and in religion, and no class of the community has testified, whether by the discharge of civil duty or of military duty, more devotedly to their faith in free institutions than have the

graduates of Harvard. The sweet influence of science and literature and piety is what gives worth and value to human life.

I see by the census that Cambridge is becoming a manufacturing place. It has ceased to contain an agricultural population, and is becoming a manufacturing centre; but no one need dread the change. There are certain industries which are said to be tests of the civilization of a people, and several of them are established here in Cambridge. One of them is soap-making. The consumption of soap is one of the best indications of the civilization of a people. Another is the printing and binding of books, — an industry which has been domesticated in Cambridge ever since Day worked the first press of New England here. Another is the manufacture of musical instruments. All three of these trades prosper greatly in this city. Do not let us be concerned, then, if the principal occupations of the inhabitants of Cambridge have undergone great changes in the last forty years, and are likely to undergo greater still; but let us hold fast to this, that the foundation of the prosperity of any people is in its character.

"The Eighth Congressional District, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth."

RESPONSE BY THE HON. JOHN W. CANDLER.

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen, — I thank you for your introduction, Mr. Mayor, and I thank the government of the city of Cambridge for their kind

courtesy in inviting me here to-day. It is certainly a marked day in my life. As the gentleman who preceded me has suggested that two of your guests, the Orator of the Day as well as himself, had drawn upon the Rev. Dr. Paige's History, I feel somewhat embarrassed, for I must acknowledge that I also made a very careful study of that history; and I am therefore somewhat confused when called to make my speech.

I have heard the word "annexation," which gives confidence to a resident of Brookline. The Mayor said something about annexing Belmont to Cambridge, and I think the gentleman who preceded me said something about annexing Boston. I have simply to say that if we tranquillize our town meetings, we may first annex Boston to Brookline, and we may afterwards annex Cambridge to Brookline.

I am very glad to be here to-day. I cannot forget in this presence that I have recently been honored by being elected as the representative of the Eighth Congressional District in the Congress of the United States, and that this old community is the most influential and important town within its limits. I am glad to be here as a citizen of Massachusetts, for we all feel that the history of Cambridge is sacred to us. Her traditions are connected with the important part of the history of the country, and within the limits of this town and city you have an institution which, as was well said by a distinguished senator in France, has been the great promoter of American civilization. Certainly we all appreciate that the cause of liberty and the preservation of the American government must depend upon

the enlightenment and civilization of its people. We may well use an addition that has been made to the old quotation, and say that "the price of liberty is not only eternal vigilance, but constant progress." I shall not — sir, I cannot — attempt to speak of the history of Cambridge; for it has been so beautifully and so eloquently referred to to-day, and will be again, that I had rather pass on to some personal reminiscences which have been suggested by the incidents of the day. You have heard a great deal said of the great men, the marked men, who planted themselves upon the soil of Cambridge; and as I listened to the admirable address by the Orator of the Day, I could not forget that I had a stronger claim, perhaps, than many who were present, to be a participant in the celebration of this anniversary. We may be pardoned, on such an anniversary day, for allusions to private history and associations. I could not forget that I had a claim to be here and join in this occasion by the right of inheritance; for I could look back and remember that my grandmother was of the fifth generation that were born and lived upon this soil, representing the early settlers of the Westerly Parish. And as I recall the history of the past that my ancestors were interested in, I remember — the story came to me, as perhaps to many here, from an old nurse, Phœbe Bathrick, of West Cambridge, who was sixty-two years a servant and dear friend in our family — the story of the battles of Lexington and Concord. Before I was able to read the history, we children gathered about her, long years ago, to listen to her vivid recital of what that revolutionary year

witnessed. We were with her when she was awakened in the night by the heavy tramp of the Redcoats as they passed my grandmother's home on the road to Lexington. We were with her in the morning when the children were crowded into the ox-cart, and carried down to Spy Pond, away from the main street; and we were with her again in the day when she went back to look at the Redcoats with their glistening bayonets. And we went with her to see the dead soldier lying in the ditch, and when the sun went down we were taken back to the house that had been sacked by the British troops. All these things, ladies and gentlemen, came to my mind as I listened to the oration this afternoon, and I felt that I had some right to be here; remembering that my ancestors had been among the yeomanry of this city.

The speaker before me made some reference to quality rather than quantity. I agree with him that it is most important that the people of America should be true to the ideas which the great and good men first planted upon our soil; but merchants in business to-day learn that the necessities of the American merchant have something to do with quantity and breadth. Our fathers could send a single ship, make a single voyage in a year, and earn a living; but the merchant to-day must send many ships, and the percentage of returns that he may realize from the ventures are very small. Our nation requires that everything should be done upon a great scale. The idea of the government is so broad that it takes in all humanity; and when the merchant sends his ship to the uttermost sea to trade,

and extend our commerce through a wide area, he sends also the ideas of a republican government, so that the nations that have little of civilization learn something of the republic that was founded by the fathers who settled in Cambridge, and extended and preserved by the soldiers of the last civil war of the United States. I was reminded, too, that it seems very strange to-day to hear that when the Revolutionary War closed, the whole assessed valuation of Massachusetts was only $11,000,000; and it seems impossible to comprehend how heavy was the burden that was laid upon our State. The State of Massachusetts at the close of the Revolution owed more than her entire assessed value. The debt of the State was over $5,000,000 with accumulated interest, and her proportion of the national debt was $5,000,000, with accumulated interest. Yet she paid it all. Contrast her entire valuation with the $66,000,000 of taxable property in Cambridge to-day, and you realize something of the city's growth. As we refer to the truth and the honesty of the past in the State of Massachusetts, they seem to teach a good lesson to some of our sister States who to-day talk of repudiation. In regard to the commerce of the United States, we shall undoubtedly, as the Collector has said, extend our shipping interest so that in a very few years we shall not see three hundred foreign steamships sailing across the ocean, with only three or four American ships to compete with them, and to sustain our flag upon the sea. These questions will undoubtedly be settled by wise legislation. But as we look back upon the past we

must be impressed by the responsibilities and duties that rest upon all. As we contemplate the grandeur and immensity of the United States as it is to be, as it must be, and will be, we should strive to build upon the truest principles which can be brought to our support; we should consult absolute truth rather than expediency.

I cannot close my remarks to-night without making some reference to the music of the children that we heard at the Theatre this morning. It has been said that when

> "Youth, the dream, departs,
> It takes something from our hearts,
> And it never comes again."

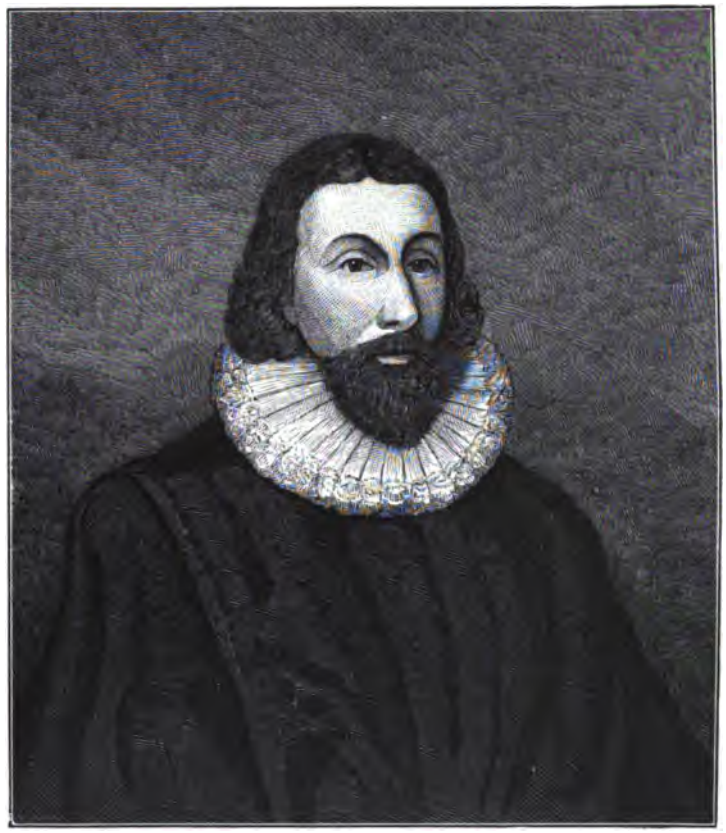
I believe that it may be so; but if there is a charm of youth which we lose as we grow older, we appreciate more keenly the beauty of childhood. We are drawn to-day nearer to the children than we possibly could have been in our earlier years. As I listened to their sweet voices and realized their advantages, my heart was filled to overflowing, and I felt that a fruitful lesson had been taught to us and the children by the exercises of the day. It seemed to me that the citizens who gathered to-day were worthy of the citizens of the past; that you were carrying out the very thought that our fathers planted in 1780, when they passed a law fining the people if they did not sustain the schools. If we can continue for the next hundred years as we have been during the past, we may be sure that when the anniversary is celebrated our successors will feel as proud as we do to-day; and I hope and trust that the

manifest destiny of the United States, founded upon a higher ideal of government than that of any country we have as yet seen, may not be checked or retarded in its growth by the weaknesses or ignorance of *our* generation; but that we may do all we can to advance its interests and prosperity, as those who have preceded us in this city have done.

"The Church, — one of the bulwarks of the republic."

RESPONSE BY THE REV. ALEXANDER McKENZIE, D.D.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I shall take but a few moments of your time at this late hour. But it is hard to be brief when there are so many things which I should like to say. I indulge myself in several hints only. I have been somewhat troubled to-day because those who have the most right to enjoy this celebration are not here; or, if they are here, they are not seen by our eyes. I have found a crumb of comfort in the remarks of the Orator this afternoon, that of the two Indians who entered Harvard College only one got out. Then the other must still be in somewhere, though in what part of our domain I do not know. Possibly he is with us in this hall, to rejoice in the success which has crowned the labors of the men and women whose toils he witnessed and enjoyed. I have had some consolation also in the presence of our revered friend, Dr. Paige, of whom I intended to speak before any one else alluded to him. I, too, have recently been studying his History of Cambridge. But



JOHN WINTHROP.

UNIV. OF MICH.

I studied the man himself, and drew upon his large learning, long before his book was given to the world. He certainly belongs in our time, yet seems a citizen of all the time which this community has known, and he talks almost as familiarly of those who were here two hundred and fifty years ago as of those he met two hundred and fifty days ago. We should pay our grateful homage to this distinguished benefactor. There is scarcely a book in my library which I value so much as his History, in which he has written, on a blank leaf, his name and my own.

The history of Cambridge is peculiarly a history of men. We can account for some places by their situation, on a great harbor, or a broad river, or by a strong waterfall, or over a rich mine. We can account for Cambridge only by her men. By men, for men, is her story. We are illustrating the familiar saying, that it is the third attempt which never fails. First, John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, and their associates planned a town. Little came of that save the beginning. It was a good beginning, so far as it was anything. By our name we claim alliance with the older Cambridge. It was there, possibly within the walls of the mother University, that the agreement was made to embark for "the Plantation now in hand for New England." Winthrop and Dudley were of the twelve signers of that compact whose consequence was, as it was written, "God's glory and the Church's good." In 1632 came "Thomas Hooker's Company," "The Braintree Company," and in 1633 came Mr. Hooker himself and Samuel Stone. This made the

earliest church here. But the ministers and nearly all the people, straitened for room, passed through the woods to make a beginning of Hartford. Before they left those had come who were to stay. A third beginning was to be made, which was to incorporate all which remained. The effective start of our history was in 1636. Then its greatness and permanence fairly began. For then Thomas Shepard and his company were organized into a church, which is still here, with a name which describes it, the "First Church in Cambridge." I think it would be most fitting if the churches which trace their lineage to the church of 1636 should unite in 1886 in a celebration of their two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Thomas Shepard is the hero, the patron saint of Cambridge. Let me show to you this ancient record of his life. In this small volume, written in crooked letters in crooked lines, traced by his own hand, is the expression of his thought and hope, — the story of the man. We have nothing else which puts us in so close and tangible connection with him. This book he has handled; over its pages he sat for hours with parental love. He transfigured its humility with his own nobility. In the church of Armenia, I have read, in the ordination of patriarchs, the dead hand of Gregory the Illuminator is used. The sovereigns of England are crowned above the Scottish stone. It would not be out of place that at every ordination in Cambridge the minister should hold this book in his hand, or that at his inauguration every Mayor should kiss it loyally.

It is well that women join in this celebration;

for a woman wrought in the beginning. For whatever Thomas Shepard accomplished he was largely indebted to his wife. He met her at Buttercrambe, in Yorkshire, at the house of Sir Richard Darley, whose kinswoman she was, whose chaplain he was. She befriended the silenced man, and when he could no longer preach in England, she encouraged him to seek these shores. "My dear wife did much long to see me settled there in peace, and so put me on to it." He is described as "a poor, weak, pale-complectioned man." I fancy that she was large and strong, with a stout heart and firm will, and that she was admirably fitted to be his helpmate in a difficult time. She was the first woman who was received into the church here after its formation, and she lived but a fortnight after she had seen her husband settled in peace. The women of Cambridge should hold in tender regard the name of Margaret Shepard.

The history of the town has been in keeping with its origin, — it has produced men. Harvard College was founded that the line of the founders might be preserved. They gave generously; but the gifts were for that which was an essential part of their purpose. The College was a necessity, not a luxury nor an ornament. They placed the College here, we are told, because Thomas Shepard and his "soul-flourishing ministry" were here. The plan was deliberately formed in all its parts, and with a view to the "consequence" which had been written down in England. The leading industry of Cambridge has been in keeping with this design. Books belong with learning and

liberty. The press is a part of the State and the Church. Other industries have grown up around this; but this keeps its pre-eminence in the land. Those men who were here first designed to be missionaries, and to give what they had received to the tribes which were here in darkness. Men were to make men. The man and the book were to work together. Those men are living still. No one knows the precise spot where John Harvard was laid at his death. Thomas Shepard's resting-place is not marked. The elaborate inscription which recounts Henry Dunster's virtues lies over Jonathan Mitchel's grave; but the places where they lived are known. It is interesting to see that the names of the men of the earliest and of later days have been given to the streets. In the earliest map of the town, dated 1635, we have Long, Braintree, Water, Crooked Streets, Marsh Lane, and Creek Lane. Now we have in the same places, Winthrop, Harvard, Dunster, Eliot, Holyoke, Brattle Streets. Not far removed from these we have Shepard, Chauncy, Holmes, Kirkland, Everett Streets, and others. The children should learn the meaning of these names, with which they are familiar.

There is much which is suggestive in the successive maps of the town. In the map of 1635 the town is very like a cradle; and very fittingly so, for here religion, learning, liberty, and all good were to be nurtured. Children were to be reared into men. In the map of 1644–55 the town is shaped somewhat like an hour-glass, in Dr. Paige's view. Time was passing upon the child who had climbed from the cradle. To

my eye the outline is that of a stout leg encased in armor. Bedford is at the knee, Newton at the toe, and the Cambridge of to-day covers the instep, the ankle, and the heel. Time has changed the child into the young man, who is strong to stand and strong to march. In the latest map Cambridge is a huge butterfly with outstretched wings. On its back, to give it weight, that it may move surely through the air, sits Harvard College, with her gathered years and the calm assurance which belongs to her. The omen is good. The butterfly is the accepted emblem of immortality. Cambridge will live. But Cambridge to live must be true to her past, true to herself. Then she will be beautiful, and her strength and honor will increase. We may anticipate the future, for we have one end of it. These years are a part of the whole. To-morrow and to-day are one. We will use and not consume. So shall we abide.

May I close these hurried words with one or two points of improvement? With all our just boasting we have some striking wants. We need a suitable building for our public library. We have a fine collection of books. We have faithful men and women in charge of them. But the narrow chambers which are hired for the purposes of the library are a discredit to a city with our literary pretensions.

We need also a public hospital. With over fifty thousand people, there is no place in the city to which a needy person can be taken for medical or surgical treatment in sickness, or after an accident, except the almshouse. In the year 1879 ninety-two persons were

taken from Cambridge to Boston for treatment in the Massachusetts General Hospital alone. We have the incorporation of a hospital, and funds enough to erect a suitable building for its use. Would it not be an excellent method of marking this time of celebration to provide the money which would maintain an institution so greatly needed?

I venture but one more practical intimation. We are greatly in need of a better system of communication with Boston and the regions beyond. We are getting accustomed to standing in a horse-car and clinging to a strap, not for the convenience of our fellow-sufferers, but for the emolument of the proprietors of the road; but, patient as we are, a change cannot be very far off. I came here to-night in a car which had just passed the homes of Lowell and Longfellow, and which rattled and roared so furiously that, for all purposes of conversation, we might almost as well have been in a boiler factory. With all the discomfort, and peril, and expense, and waste of time involved in this weary method of travel, it cannot be very long before a desire for comfort, or a desire to people our unoccupied lands, shall find through the upper air, or on the ground, or under the ground, a better way of getting into our city, that its advantages may be enjoyed.

I will say no more. I see a long and happy future for Cambridge. She will keep faith with the men she lauds to-day. She will preserve her inheritance and bequeath it better than when she received it. Her churches shall be strong; her schools shall flourish. Her industries shall increase. Her homes shall be

pleasant; her streets shall be safe. Her wise men shall be teachers; her poets shall sing. Her influence shall more and more extend itself, and her name shall be worn with honor.

"The day we celebrate, and the Orator of the Day."

RESPONSE BY COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

I never could understand, Mr. Mayor, what was the origin of the custom of inviting the Orator of the Day to make a second speech at a dinner, after the guests are all tired to death of him, unless it be this, that, having given him an opportunity to show that he can make a speech, it is to give him a chance to abstain from making one. I thank you, Mr. President, for giving me this added opportunity. One word of explanation: it was clear at once, when President Eliot expressed surprise that his Excellency the Governor had omitted to mention the ladies, that, through some neglect of the ear, — perhaps some want of full attention to the words, — the President did not see that his Excellency *had* mentioned the ladies in the very beginning of his speech, for he began it with the word, "fellow-citizens." Moreover, if President Eliot had had the good or the ill fortune to accompany his Excellency to as many centennial and bi-centennial celebrations as I have, he would know that the presence of ladies on these occasions has long since become, not the exception, but the rule. It is so generally the rule now at these public banquets, that I can hardly think of more

than one class of them in Cambridge to which it does not extend; and when President Eliot crowns his magnificent series of reforms for Harvard College by inviting ladies to the banquet at Memorial Hall on Commencement Day also, I for one shall take no offence, and shall not stay away.

I thank him again for his reference to the admirable History of Dr. Paige, and I know that Mr. Paige himself will not object if I go further back, and thank also the memory of the pioneer of Cambridge history, Dr. Abiel Holmes, at whose feet I literally sat when I first read his History of Cambridge, when I sat as a boy on the floor of his study. He laid the foundation where Dr. Paige, with encyclopædic industry, has perfected the details. I still recall the joy with which I, "a Cambridge boy," as the son of old Dr. Holmes said in his poem to-day, first read Cambridge history, — not in any book, but in the crumbling inscriptions on the stones of our burying-ground; the stones which Holmes himself has inscribed in song. I remember when I, as a boy, went with Holmes's "Cambridge Churchyard" in my hand, and with other little Cambridge schoolboys chose out one by one the stones — the very stones — that he had described.

"Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
The empty urn of pride;
There stand the Goblet and the Sun, —
What need of more beside?
Where lives the memory of the dead
Who made their tomb a toy?
Whose ashes press that nameless bed?
Go, ask the village boy!"

We village boys could then have told you that that stone was the tomb of the once magnificent Vassall family of Cambridge, who spurned the necessity of placing their names upon their monument, but the "goblet and the sun" — Vas-Sol — was enough. And near that very stone lay also the traditional grave of that lovely Cambridge lady, also of the Vassall family, who was buried, tradition says, with a slave at her head and another at her feet. I always thought nothing could be more graceful than the opening of Longfellow's poem to her, —

> "In the village churchyard she lies;
> Dust is on her beautiful eyes,"

until I heard the remark of a Cambridge lady that she did n't see anything so remarkable about that, for there was not a pair of beautiful eyes in Cambridge that did n't have dust in them all summer.

But, Mr. Mayor, I am violating my own suggestion, as speakers are wont to do. Let me say one thing more, and I am done. In preparing for this oration I found it necessary to seek a somewhat wider range of study than President Eliot has indicated, for it included a comparison of recent issues of Cambridge newspapers. I was in search of Cambridge antiquity. Now, if an event don't get antiquated in a newspaper a week old, there must be something very able in the editing. So I studied the papers faithfully. I found some valuable facts that were old, some that were new to me, and some which I think will always remain new. I found a good deal of good advice, especially to members elect

of the Legislature, and in extending my research even into the columns of witticism I found one good story that struck me as peculiarly applicable to me at the present time. The story was of an excellent man who was rather deaf, and was walking along the railroad. He was run over and killed. And some newspaper stated the following morning, that Mr. Jones, being deaf, was unfortunately run over and killed; and that it was a remarkable coincidence that a similar accident had happened to the same unfortunate gentleman a year before in the same place. I am not deaf, although some of my hearers to-day may have had reason to wish that I was dumb; I am not deaf, but having had the unfortunate experience of having to bore you with a long speech this afternoon, I do not wish to renew the same infliction this evening.

"Among the many wonderful developments and improvements of our time," said the Mayor, "the printing-press occupies a most prominent position, and can literally be said to be the handmaid of modern civilization. I call upon Ex-Mayor HENRY O. HOUGHTON."

RESPONSE BY THE HON. H. O. HOUGHTON.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — It has been said that the printing-presses of Cambridge are lineally descended from the press of Stephen Daye. I fear this statement cannot be maintained: first, because there was a period of from fifty to sixty years when no press existed in Cambridge, — a long break in the genealogy of an ancient family; second, because, if the

proprietor of a printing-press is properly the printer, then this distinction of being the first printer belongs to President Dunster as representing the College. I am not sure that our fellow-citizen, Mr. Charles Deane, who has exploded so many of our supposed historical facts and shown them to be only pretty myths, may claim that Stephen Daye had no existence in fact, but that his name, indicating the dawning of a new light upon this continent, was borrowed from the device of a printer who existed seventy-five years before him, which represented a sound sleeper, with a companion making frantic efforts to awaken him, while pointing to the sun just rising above the horizon, and exclaiming, "*Arise, for it is Day!*" The wood-cut might just as well have illustrated, in some of our primers, the murder of Abel by Cain, for the costume was that in vogue before "Adam delved or Eve span." How our friend would dispose of the Stephen I am not so sure, unless he would regard it as a synonym for persecution, — and our Stephen suffered nearly every kind of persecution except stoning.

As is well known, Rev. Jesse Glover started for New England in 1638 with fonts of type and a press, and with Stephen Daye as an assistant, for the purpose of introducing printing into the infant Colony. Unfortunately, he died on the voyage; but his family and the press arrived safely. The President of the College, however, soon found means of obtaining possession of the printing materials, by the same means that many an aspiring man takes to become the possessor of an estate, namely, by marrying the widow. Stephen Daye was

not a good manager or a good printer. Printers a hundred years before him did better printing. He did not even know how to spell; for we find in his Bay Psalm Book that the word "Psalm" has the final *e* on one page and is without it on the opposite page.

Daye resigned his care of the printing-press after about ten years of service, and brought suit against the President of Harvard College for £100 for back pay. The verdict of the jury could not have afforded him much satisfaction, which was, "The jury finds for the defendant costs of court." In 1641, two years after he was appointed Manager of the Printing Press, the General Court made him a grant of three hundred acres of land, because he was "the first that sett upon printing" in the new Colony. Fourteen years afterward this grant was confirmed, and two years later a new grant was made to him of "three hundred acres of land in any place not formerly granted by this Court." Ten years later the "General Court ordered, in answer to the petition of Steven Daye, that the Peticioner hath liberty to procure of the Sagamore of Nashoway [now Lancaster], by sale or otherwise, 150 acres of upland & 20 acres of meadow." But I cannot find that his land was ever located, or that he ever derived any benefit from it. Daye also seems to have been a real-estate speculator, and, like many such of the present day, was often "hard up." We find that he mortgaged "twenty-Seaven Acres of land laying in the Bounds of Cambridg for the payment of a cowe and a calfe and a two year's old heiffer."

Daye's successor in the management of the press for

the College was Samuel Green, who came to Cambridge when he was sixteen years old, and for want of houses he and his companions slept in empty beer-casks. He seems to have been a man of energy and character, and a good accountant. He made, in 1670, an inventory for the College, and valued the materials of the printing office at £80, — a very low valuation even for that day. Green was also a man of substance, town clerk, and a captain of militia for thirty years. When too old to march at the head of his company, he was carried to the muster-field in a chair, to review and exercise his troops. He continued for fifty years to manage the press in Cambridge. At his death, there seemed to be no one to succeed him. Green died in 1702. He was the father of nineteen children. Many of his descendants have been printers in Boston, and a large number of them have helped to swell the long list of graduates of Harvard College.

During all this time, as I have said, the press appears to have been under the charge of the College, and the first printer, as the representative of the College, was Henry Dunster. The printing-office was in the President's house.

The College, also, at that time had so much influence with the Legislature that it procured the enactment of a law that no printing should be done anywhere in the Colonies except at Cambridge. The General Court also appointed a board of censorship of the press, of which the President of the College was a member. This censorship lasted for ninety years, or until 1755, at which time the law that printing should be done only in Cam-

bridge seems to have become a dead letter; yet so far as I can learn the act never was repealed. But immediately afterwards presses sprang up in different parts of the Colonies, which took a prominent part in the discussion of the great questions which preceded and brought on the Revolution.

"The town of Cambridge and its founders."

RESPONSE BY THE HON. CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — After listening to the eloquent words of the Orator to-day, we must all, I think, feel that in the early settlers of Cambridge we have an ancestry of which we may well be proud. They were highly religious men, remarkable for wisdom, prudence, and large foresight. It is pleasant to-day to look back to those years of small beginnings, to the privations and sufferings endured, that they might have a larger liberty in their worship, and enjoy all the civil rights of Englishmen unmolested. They had left their home in Old England, had sailed across the dreary waste of waters to these shores, and in the month of December, 1630, voted to build here a fortified town. In 1631 the settlement was commenced, and a few houses were built. Like the Pilgrims at Plymouth, hardly had they provided a shelter for their families before they began to build a meeting-house, which was finished in 1632. We know but little of this building, but it was probably built of logs, and had a thatched roof, and at first the people were sum-

moned there by the beating of a drum. In 1633 Thomas Hooker was chosen pastor. In 1635 Thomas Shepard arrived, and on the first day of February, 1636, the first permanent church was organized, in the presence of a great assembly of the principal men of the Colony. Mr. Hooker having decided to remove to Connecticut, Mr. Shepard was chosen minister. He is described as a weak, pale-complexioned man, of unusual talent and piety. His annual salary was £70, payable in corn at the market-rate. In those days it was not uncommon to turn the hour-glass twice in the delivery of a sermon.

Within five years of the settlement, the College was proposed; fearing, without it, "an illiterate posterity, when their ministers were laid in the dust." It was located here principally to receive the religious ministrations of Mr. Shepard. The town gave for its use two and three quarter acres of land, in the northeasterly corner of the present College-yard. The first record of a school-house being built is in 1647, when President Dunster and Edward Goffe entered into an agreement for a stone building, to be erected on the westerly side of Holyoke Street, the expense of the same to be paid in wheat, corn, oats, and pease, at the current rate of the market. Master Corlet taught the school for more than forty years. The town was much exposed to the assaults of Indians, and in 1632 Governor Dudley enclosed one thousand acres by a stockade for its protection, at a cost of £60, which was assessed upon the Colony. In 1639 the first printing-press on this continent was set up here. In 1650 the first ship

was built. In 1660 the Great Bridge, so called, was built at the foot of Wood Street (now Brighton). In 1668 the famous Eliot Indian Bible was printed here. The town continued to grow slowly but steadily for the next century, furnishing its quota of men and money for the Indian wars in which the Colony was engaged. For the first one hundred and fifty years it acquired a population of about sixteen hundred, the town embracing the present territory of the towns of Arlington and Brighton.

Cambridge took early action in the troubles of the Revolution. In 1765 the town instructed its Representatives to use their utmost endeavors for the repeal of the Stamp Act; and also voted, "That this resolve should be recorded in the Town Book, that the children yet unborn may see the desire which their ancestors had for their freedom and happiness." On the imposition by England of a duty on teas imported to America, the town in 1773, after passing several resolves, closed with the following: "That this town can no longer stand an idle spectator, but is ready at the shortest notice to join Boston in any measures that may be thought proper to deliver ourselves and posterity from slavery." In 1775 Cambridge had two companies of minute-men in action, April 19, at Lexington. July 2, General Washington arrived, and took command July 3, and Cambridge Common became the first camping-ground of the Continental army. In 1776 the town voted to support Congress in a declaration of independence, with their lives and fortunes. In 1780 the convention to form a State constitution was held here.

To every call of the country Cambridge has always promptly responded. In 1846 Cambridge became a city by an act of incorporation. Our city furnished more than four thousand men for the war of the Rebellion, of whom more than four hundred laid down their lives for their country. Cambridge has the honor of having furnished the first volunteer company for this war, and expended for war purposes more than $450,000, besides $243,000 for aid to the families of the soldiers. In 1869 and 1870 the city erected the beautiful granite monument on its Common, "to commemorate the men who gave up their lives in the war for the maintenance of the Union."

The harvest has been so thoroughly gleaned to-day that I have only touched upon a few of the leading events of our history. I think I voice the feeling of the community when I here express their thanks to the City Council for their unanimous action in providing for the celebration of this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. We have seen that the founders of Cambridge were composed of the most eminent men of the Colony. Winthrop, Dudley, and Bradstreet became governors of Massachusetts, and Haynes governor of Connecticut. Although two hundred and fifty years have passed since the settlement of Cambridge, yet to this city government belongs the honor of having first publicly recognized this great event of 1630 in our history. It is also a matter of congratulation that, accompanying this celebration, this City Council has wisely determined to erect permanent memorials on the various localities which have become

historic in our city. You have already marked the spot where stood the first church, on Dunster Street, where the pious Shepard preached often in the presence of Winthrop and Dudley, where the first synod of all the churches of the Colony met in 1637, and where was held the first College Commencement, in 1642. Granite tablets suitably inscribed will mark the home of Thomas Dudley, on Dunster Street; the site of the first school-house, on Holyoke Street; the site of General Putnam's headquarters, on Inman Street; the site of Fort Putnam, on Otis and Fourth Streets, from which was fired the ball that lodged in the old Brattle Street Church in Boston; and the spot where four citizens of Cambridge were killed, April 19, 1775, on North Avenue, near the corner of Spruce Street, on their return from Lexington. The spot where Hooker, Shepard, and Mitchell lived, within the limits of the College-yard, will be marked, upon the granite building which occupies the site, by the Corporation of Harvard College. These historic memorials will make this administration a prominent one, and will be permanent educators to young and old, and to the generations that will come after us. They will also encourage further adornment of our city by private generosity. I trust the time is not far distant when a bronze statue of Stephen Daye, the first printer of Cambridge, in his Puritanic costume, will be placed in Harvard Square by the numerous members of his craft, the printers of Cambridge. Already there is some encouragement that a statue of one of the prominent founders of Cambridge will at no distant day grace our city. May we not profit by the

injunction of a sagacious statesman of old, "If you would have your city loved by its citizens, you must make your city lovely."

It is our good fortune to live in the best days of our republic and in the best epoch of our city. We are to-day in the full enjoyment of the institutions of government, religion, and learning which have been handed down to us through these centuries. Let us remember that upon us rests the responsibility of preserving and transmitting to the generations of the future, unimpaired, these institutions which we now enjoy; and may those who shall celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of our city be able to reiterate this sentiment, which I am sure we all feel to-day, — The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Dec. 21, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — The invitation to be present at the commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge has been duly received, and it is with regret that I find that my official duties render it impossible for me to be in Cambridge upon so interesting an occasion.

I am yours very truly,

W. M. EVARTS.

HON. J. M. W. HALL, Cambridge, Mass.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret that I shall not be able to be present at your interesting celebration on the 28th. I should like to listen to Colonel Higginson, who is always so well worth hearing, and to show my reverence for your venerable town, with whose paths and fields my own ancestors were familiar more than two centuries ago.

I am yours very truly,

GEORGE F. HOAR.

HON. J. M. W. HALL, Mayor of Cambridge.

MENTOR, OHIO, Dec. 16, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 13th instant, inviting me to attend the exercises commemorative of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge, came duly to hand. I greatly regret that my engagements are such as to make it impossible for me to be present on that interesting occasion.

Thanking you for your invitation, I am

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

HON. J. M. W. HALL, Cambridge, Mass.

AMESBURY, 27th, 12th Mo., 1880.

HON. J. M. W. HALL.

DEAR FRIEND, — The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Cambridge is an occasion of exceptional importance, and I should be happy to be present at its celebration. But my health at this season of the year does not permit me to gratify my inclination. The loss will be wholly mine, for I could add nothing to the interest of an occasion reviving the memory of a long succession of Cambridge worthies, illustrious in science, literature, philosophy, and statesmanship; and which cannot fail to call back to her from their posts of usefulness and honor the widely scattered sons of her great University. If one of the most eminent of them is necessarily detained at the Court of St. James as the representative of his country, she will still have with her scholars and poets beloved and honored throughout the civilized world.

Sharing in the high regard which every true son of Massachusetts must feel for the city of classic renown and patriotic memories, I am

Truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BOSTON, Dec. 18, 1880.

THE HON. JAMES M. W. HALL, MAYOR.

DEAR SIR, — I am greatly honored and obliged by the invitation of the city of Cambridge for the 28th instant. No city on our continent is better entitled to commemoration than that over which you preside. Its history for two hundred and fifty years, as narrated by my venerable friend, Dr. Paige, is full of interest. As the chosen seat of a college only six years after the Massachusetts company arrived here; as the headquarters of Washington when he first took command of the American army, 1775; as the home of Longfellow and Lowell and the birthplace of Holmes; and as the occasional residence of Kirkland and Quincy and Everett and Sparks and Agassiz, and of so many others who have been the lights and leaders of the University, — it has claims to consideration and celebrity in every period of its existence. Meantime no son of Harvard among its thousands of alumni can ever think

of Cambridge but as of a second birthplace. I would most gladly listen to the commemorative discourse of Colonel Higginson, and witness the children's festival in the beautiful Sanders Theatre, and assist at the banquet in Union Hall, but I am compelled to deny myself, and I can only offer to the city my hearty congratulations on the occasion, with my grateful acknowledgments of the compliment of the invitation.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mayor, very truly yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

BOSTON, Nov. 5, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I feel highly complimented by the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge to deliver a poem on that occasion. I must request the Committee to add another favor by excusing me from taking an active part in the public exercises of the day. I love my birthplace, and especially all that centres around the University which is its pride and ornament. A little more than a year ago I delivered a poem, since published, in which I recall the five semi-centennial periods counted backwards from that time to the days when Cambridge was a part of the almost unbroken wilderness, tenanted or roamed over by the living representatives of the primitive stone age. This must stand as my tribute to the past history of my native town. I wish it were more worthy of its subject, but it could be at best but an autumn flower — a chrysanthemum and not a rose. I have not been backward in doing what I could to add to the pleasures of many public occasions. The time has come when it is more grateful to me to listen than to be listened to, and it is due to others as well as to myself that I should claim the privilege of silence, which I trust will be cheerfully, if not thankfully, granted me by my kind fellow-citizens.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly and respectfully,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

To the HON. JAMES M. W. HALL, Mayor of the City of Cambridge.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

UNIV. OF MICH.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON, Dec. 5, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR, — At past sixty a man is apt to muse over the question, in what measure and in what manner life has been of worth to him; and to me your letter seemed to give a very sufficient answer, for I can conceive of nothing sweeter or more consoling, as one draws nigh to old age, than to be remembered kindly by one's fellow-townsmen and neighbors. During my life Cambridge has grown from a town of three thousand to a city of more than fifty thousand souls, but I am sure you will pardon me for saying that it is the old town, with its homelier and closer (I will not say narrower) interests, that is dearest to my memory. There I was born; there I have had the good fortune to pass my life; there my most precious friendships have been won and have continued unbroken even by death. I trust that I may never bring discredit on my birthplace, and that my dust may be permitted to mingle lovingly with its own. It must be a good soil that could bring forth or sustain such men and women as I remember. To some of them I may only allude, but I cannot help mentioning two good men and good citizens, the late Mr. Royall Morse and the late Mr. John Sweetman, one of them a born and the other an adopted child of the town. I should be very glad to be with you in celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth birthday of Cambridge, but must content myself with sending my warmest good wishes and felicitations. In the life of mankind the period is brief, but in the history of the New World it is long and fruitful, stretching from the primitive forest to the occupation of the better part of a continent by what is destined to be (if we are wise and worthy of our high trust) the greatest and most beneficent Commonwealth the world has ever seen. In that history Cambridge has played no unworthy or inconspicuous part. As I think of the dear old town, so far away in space, so near in thought, I find myself repeating, —

> "Where'er I roam, whatever climes I see,
> My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

I remain, my dear Mr. Mayor, with many thanks for your kind remembrance of me,

Very sincerely yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

APPENDIX.

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN CAMBRIDGE.[1]

BY THE HON. CHARLES H. SAUNDERS.

THE city of Cambridge recently celebrated, Dec. 28, 1880, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. Winthrop, Dudley, Bradstreet, and Haynes, all of whom became governors of Massachusetts, were among the settlers. Hooker, Shepard, and Mitchell were the earlier ministers, and all were eminent men. Shepard was a man of marked ability and piety. The desire to have the College enjoy his supervision and religious ministrations, it is supposed, was the principal reason for locating it in Cambridge. The town and the College, so early associated, have grown up together, and the former has become largely historic, while the latter has become widely celebrated. The City Council has recently designated some of the most prominent historic localities, and erected five granite tablets appropriately inscribed.

On the westerly side of Dunster Street, at the north corner of Mount Auburn Street, where was built the first Meeting-house, it has placed the following inscription, on the granite foundation of the house now standing on this lot: —

SITE OF THE
FIRST MEETING-HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE,
ERECTED A.D. 1632.

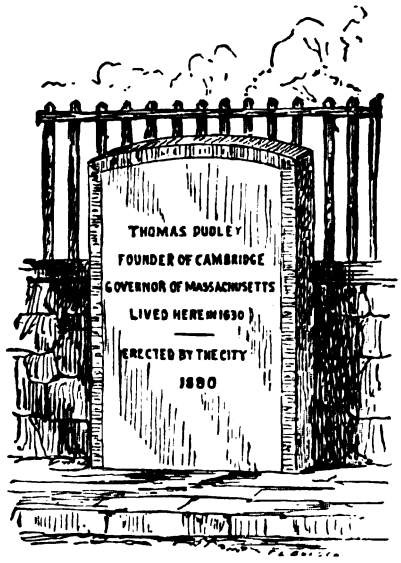
This meeting-house was a plain and simple structure, probably built of logs, and had a thatched roof. The congregation at first were called together by the beating of a drum. Here preached

[1] Reprinted from THE HARVARD REGISTER, published by Moses King.

the gifted Hooker for two years, who was styled "the light of the western churches," and the pious Thomas Shepard for thirteen years. Here in 1637 met the first synod of the churches in the Colony, where were gathered probably the whole body of the teaching elders and learned divines in New England, and in this house in 1642 were held the first College Commencement exercises.

Granite tablets have been erected by the city at the following points of interest.

On the westerly side of Dunster, corner of South Street, with the following inscription: —



Dudley was one of the most active of the founders, a genuine Puritan, and one of the first to build a house here, which he occupied until 1636. He was elected Governor for four years, Deputy-Governor for thirteen, and Assistant for eight years, and was Major-General of all the forces in 1644. His life was largely devoted to the public service. He removed to Ipswich, and afterwards to Roxbury, where he died, July 31, 1653, aged seventy-six years.

On the westerly side of Holyoke Street, between Harvard and Mount Auburn Streets, is a tablet with the following inscription: —

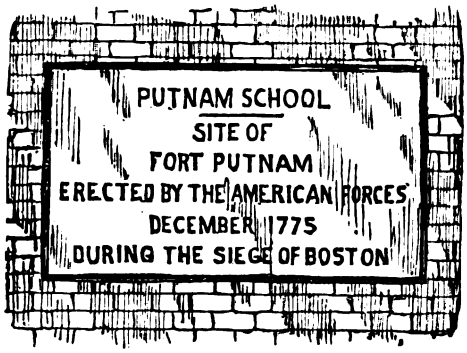
President Dunster and Edward Goffe entered into an agreement for a stone school-house to be built here in 1647 on land then owned by Mr. Dunster. The walls for the first story were to be one foot and a half thick, and the jambs of the fireplace to be ten feet wide. The cost of the building was to be paid in wheat, rye, corn, and pease, at the current rate. Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence," speaks of this school in 1643 as follows: "By the side of the Colledge is a faire Grammar Schoole, for the training up of young schollars, and fitting of them for Academical learning, that still as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the Colledge of this Schoole." Elijah Corlet settled here in 1643, and was immediately appointed teacher of this Grammar School, which he taught for more than forty years. The Indian scholars who were intended for the College were also under his charge. He is styled by Mather "that memorable old schoolmaster in Cambridge, from whose education our College and country have received so many of its worthy men." He resided on the easterly side of Dunster Street, between Mount Auburn and Winthrop Streets, and died Feb. 25, 1687, aged seventy-eight. A school was kept on this spot until 1769, when it was removed to the

southerly side of Garden Street, a short distance north of Appian Way, and there continued until about 1838.

On the westerly side of Inman Street, between Main and Harvard Streets, is the following: —

It was the mansion-house of Ralph Inman, a retired merchant of Boston, who was a Royalist. He kept his coach and liveried servants for state occasions, and the Army and Navy officers of his Majesty often rode out here to dine or sup. Inman was arrested in 1776, and his mansion passed into the custody of the Provincial Congress, who assigned it to General Putnam, then commanding the centre of the American position. It was a large square house, three stories high, with a pitched roof, of plain exterior, but, by reason of its situation in a spacious lawn, had an appearance of thrift and hospitality. In the field in the rear were encamped General Putnam's regiment and most of the Connecticut troops, in 1775. It commanded the best view of Boston in the front, and could not have been better situated for General Putnam's daily military observations.

At the corner of Otis and Fourth Streets, in the wall of the Putnam School-house, has been placed a large granite slab with the following inscription: —



This fortification was thrown up by a detachment of three hundred men under the direction of General Putnam, in December, 1775. It was one of the best devised and strongest forts in Cambridge, was mounted with eighteen and twenty-four pounders and a thirteen-inch brass mortar, and had a covered line of communication built to the marsh. Its purpose was to serve as a menace to Boston, and it was built within a half-mile of a British man-of-war, which kept up a brisk cannonade with round and grape shot during the prosecution of the work. Owing to the frozen condition of the ground and a heavy fall of snow, it was a work of much difficulty, and taxed severely the patience and courage of General Putnam. From this fort was fired the ball which lodged in the old Brattle Street Church in Boston.

This fortification, owing to its proximity to the town of Boston, was regarded as highly important, in case an attack should be made on this British stronghold. "It will be possible," wrote Colonel Moylan, "to bombard Boston from Lechmere Point. Give us powder and authority and Boston can be set in flames." General Heath also wrote: "This battery much annoyed the British." A British officer, December 31st, says: "If the rebels can complete the new battery which they are raising, this town [Boston] will be on fire about our ears a few hours after. If we cannot destroy the rebel battery by our guns, we must march out and take it sword in hand."

On the westerly side of North Avenue, corner of Spruce Street, is a granite tablet with this inscription :—

The names of these men were Isaac Gardner, of Brookline, John Hicks, Moses Richardson, and William Marcy, of Cambridge. Hicks, Richardson, and Marcy were buried in one grave, as they fell, in the old Town Burying Ground opposite the Common, and in 1870 the city of Cambridge erected a suitable monument to their memory over the spot of their burial. The flank guard of the British troops was posted half a mile from the main body, and surprised them in the rear, and all were killed.

Three other citizens of Cambridge, Jason Russell, Jabez Wyman, and Jason Winship, were killed on the other side of Menotomy River, in the present town of Arlington, over whose remains a monument was erected in the Menotomy burial-ground many years ago.

The spot where Hooker, Shepard, Mitchell, President Leverett, and the Professors Wigglesworth, father and son, lived, on Harvard Street, is within the limits of the College yard, and the College Corporation have placed the following inscriptions on the granite building, Boylston Hall, which occupies the site :—

THE WASHINGTON ELM AND THE SHEPARD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

HERE WAS THE HOMESTEAD OF THOMAS HOOKER, 1633–36,
FIRST PASTOR AT NEWTOWN.

THOMAS SHEPARD, 1636–49, JONATHAN MITCHELL, 1650–68,
FIRST AND SECOND MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CHURCH,
CAMBRIDGE.

JOHN LEVERETT, 1696–1724, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD
COLLEGE.

EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH, 1726–68, FIRST HOLLIS PROFESSOR
OF DIVINITY, AND EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH, 1768–94,
SECOND HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.

In the original distribution of lands in Cambridge this lot was assigned to the Rev. Thomas Hooker. It was sold to the President and Fellows of Harvard College in 1794. In regard to this historic spot, the Rev. Lucius R. Paige very justly remarks: "Such were the owners and occupants of this famous homestead for the space of one hundred and sixty years, until it ceased to be private property. It may not improperly be regarded as holy ground, consecrated by the prayers of many precious saints."

The City Council, about fifteen years ago, placed a granite tablet beneath the Washington Elm, to commemorate this shrine of the American Revolution, on which is placed this inscription: —

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY,
JULY 3D, 1775.

The following description of this event is found in Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution": —

"On the morning of the third of July, 1775, at about nine o'clock, the troops at Cambridge were drawn up in order upon the Common to receive the Commander-in-Chief. Accompanied by the General Officers of the Army who were present, Washington walked from his Quarters to the Great Elm Tree, that now stands at the north end of the Common, and under the shadow of its broad covering, stepped a few paces in front, made some remarks, drew his sword, and formally took command of the Continental Army. That was an auspicious act for America."

1630. CAMBRIDGE. 1880.

THE following epitome of the history of Cambridge was published in THE BOSTON HERALD several weeks prior to the celebration of the anniversary: —

Ten years after the landing of the Plymouth Pilgrims, and about three months after the settlement of Boston, Governor John Winthrop (whose statue has recently been erected in Scollay Square) and Thomas Dudley, Deputy-Governor, with the advice of a Board of Assistants, thought it advisable to establish in the vicinity of the adjacent settlements "a fortified place." Charlestown, Roxbury, and Watertown had been already settled. In the early part of December, 1630, a site was selected upon the "Neck" between Boston and Roxbury; but this plan was abandoned, and after several meetings in Boston, Roxbury, and Watertawn, it was resolved, on the 28th of December, "to build at a place a mile east of Watertown, near the Charles River, the following spring, and to winter there the next year; that so, by our examples, and by removing the ordnance and munitions thither, all who were able might be drawn thither, and such as shall come to us hereafter, to their advantage, be compelled so to do; and so, if God would, a fortified town might there grow up, the place fitting reasonably well thereto." In pursuance of this resolve, in the spring of 1631, the first buildings were erected by Governor Winthrop, Deputy-Governor Dudley, and a few others. The Governor, however, soon became discontented, and took down his frame house and removed with it to Shawmut (Boston), across the river, where he again set it up; but the others remained. The departure of Governor Winthrop was a keen disappointment to Deputy-Governor Dudley, but he assumed the leadership of the "newe

towne," that being the only designation given it. The names of those who remained with him are not known. There is no list of inhabitants extant until after the "Braintree Company" arrived in the summer of 1632, except this memorandum on the title-page of the town records: "The Towne Book of Newtowne. Inhabitants there — Mr. Tho. Dudley, Esq., Mr. Symon Bradstreet, Mr. Edmond Lockwood, Mr. Daniell Patrike, John Poole, Wm. Spencer, John Kirman, Symon Sackett." The work of improvement began immediately. In June, 1631, Mr. John Maisters, or Masters, having undertaken "to make a passage from Charles Ryver to the newe towne, 12 foote broad and 7 foote deep," he was promised satisfaction by the authorities of Boston according to the expense incurred, and in the following July the sum of £30 was levied upon the surrounding towns, the "newe towne" being exempt from the tax. This canal was constructed by the enlargement of a natural creek, traces of which still exist on the westerly side of the College Wharf, from the Charles River nearly to South Street. From this point it extended along the edge of South and Eliot Streets to Brattle Street, where a footbridge and causeway were made. In February, 1632, the sum of £70 was levied upon the surrounding towns for the building of a "pallysadoe" around the "newe towne." The palisade was built. It commenced at Brick Wharf (originally called Windmill Hill), and ran along the northerly side of the present Common in Ward 1, through what was then a thicket, being now "Jarvis Field," and the land adjacent. It cannot be traced further. In March the bounds of the "newe towne" between Charlestown and Watertown were defined by order of the Court of Assistants, and later in the same month the town took action requiring that every one who owned any part in the paled land should keep the pales in good and sufficient repair, and if it happen to have any defect, he should mend the same within three days after notice, or pay a fine of ten shillings. The course of this pale or fence was from the College yard, extending easterly to the junction of Ellsworth Avenue with Cambridge Street, to the line between Cambridge and Charlestown (now Somerville), at its angle on Line Street, near Cambridge Street; thence following that line to the creek a few rods easterly from the track of the Grand Junction Railroad. Beginning again at the point first mentioned, the palisade extended southerly to the

marsh near the junction of Holyoke Place with Mount Auburn Street. In the following August there was an accession to the "newe towne" settlement from England, by Rev. Mr. Hooker, who brought with him a considerable number of people, and a meeting-house with a bell had been erected on what is now Dunster Street. That part to the eastward, now known as East Cambridge and Cambridgeport, was then called under the general name of the "Neck," and consisted of woodland, pasture, swamp, and marsh. The upland and marsh at East Cambridge went by the name of "Graves, his neck." The "newe towne" was composed of a dozen streets in the space that is now bounded by Harvard, Brattle, Eliot, South Holyoke, and Bow Streets, this space being enclosed in a paling. Along the river, southerly, was a succession of marshes, the tract now bounded by North Avenue, Garden, and Linnæan Streets being set apart as a "cow common," this being the present Common in which a soldiers' monument has been erected. In 1633 the first municipal regulations were established in relation to obtaining leave to build houses, the forbidding of the building of wooden chimneys, and whoever felled a tree should not allow it to remain across the highway, and that each inhabitant should keep in good order that part of the highway "against his own ground." A windmill for grinding corn was erected on "Windmill Hill," in the vicinity of what is now the foot of Ash Street, the site of the old gas-works of the Cambridge Gaslight Company. This and the meeting-house were the first public buildings. Town-meetings were held and a constable was appointed, and afterward a surveyor, who had charge of the highways. In the early part of 1634 seven townsmen were appointed to look after the public welfare, and three more surveyors were added. The principal streets were Braintree Street (now Harvard Street and Harvard Square), Spring Street (now Mount Auburn Street), Long Street (now Winthrop Street), Marsh Lane (now South and part of Eliot Street), Creek Lane (now Brattle Square and part of Eliot Street), Wood Street (now Brighton Street), Water Street (now Dunster Street), and Crooked Street (now Holyoke Street). There were, besides, various highways, the "highway to Charlestown," or "Charlestown path," being the present Kirkland Street, the "highway to Watertown," through what is now Brattle and Mason Streets, the "highway to Menot-

omy," now North Avenue, and several others. There were between forty and fifty houses centred about the meeting-house on Dunster Street, the population being a few hundred souls. In May, 1634, Mr. Dudley was chosen Governor in place of Mr. Winthrop, and in August following the Court assembled in the "newe towne." In 1636 a portion of Mr. Hooker's company, on account of dissensions, and after great opposition and discussion, removed to Connecticut. In order to induce them to remain the town was enlarged, and Brookline, Brighton, and the present Newton were added, but without the desired effect, as they insisted upon their departure. At this time, fortunately, Rev. Thomas Shepard, with a large company, arrived from England, and took the place of the departed company. Then the territory of the "newe towne" was again enlarged and extended eight miles into the country on the north, embracing all of what is now Arlington and most of Lexington. In 1642–44 the boundary was still further extended, and included Bedford and Billerica, its length being about twenty-five miles, and its width, at the point of original settlement, scarcely above one mile. As the colony grew older, one town after another of the enlarged territory was eliminated, — Billerica, in 1665; Newton, or Cambridge Village, as it was called, in 1691; Lexington, formerly known as "The Farms," in 1713; West Cambridge, originally Menotomy, now Arlington, in 1807; and Brighton, once called Little Cambridge, in 1807, thus reducing the town to about its original limits. In 1636–37 Rev. Mr. Shepard organized the first permanent church in Cambridge, the society still being in existence, under the name of the Shepard Memorial Church, having its place of worship at the corner of Mason and Garden Streets. Town-meetings were held upon each first Monday in the month, nine men being chosen as "townsmen," and various laws were enacted and entered upon the town book, one of which was, "that, whosoever entertains any stranger into the town, if the congregation desire it, he shall set the town free of them again within one month after warning given them, or else he shall pay 19 shillings 8 pence unto the townsmen as a fine for his default, and as much for every month as they shall there remain."

On the 28th of October, 1636, the General Court had agreed to give £400 toward a school or college, whereof £200 was to be paid

the following year, and £200 when the work was finished, the Court to appoint when and what building. In November, 1637, the Court selected "Newtowne" as the place for the College, and in May, 1638, the town gave two and two-thirds acres of land, being the westerly part of the present College enclosure, for the purpose. In September, 1638, by the will of Rev. John Harvard, the sum of £1500 was bequeathed to the College. In May of the same year it was ordered by the Court "that Newtowne shall henceforward be called Cambridge," and in March, 1639, the court ordered that the College agreed upon to be built should be called Harvard. Rev. Henry Dunster was the first President, and under his administration the first class was graduated, which consisted of nine "young men of good hope." In 1650 the Court granted the College a charter, under which it became a corporation under the title of "The President and Fellows of Harvard College." After the College was established, Cambridge grew and assumed considerable importance. When the county lines were made it became the shire town of Middlesex County, and the building of a jail and court-house soon followed. A ferry was established across Charles River at Charlestown, the profits of which were given to the College, which was in the constant receipt of gifts of money, lumber, live-stock, etc. The first printing-press known in the English Colonies of North America was set up soon after the College was inaugurated, the following item being found upon the earliest records of this institution: "Mr. Joss Glover gave to the College a font of printing letters, and some gentlemen of Amsterdam gave towards furnishing of a printing-press with letters, £49 and something more." Rev. Mr. Glover was an English dissenter, and in 1638 he engaged Stephen Daye as printer, and embarked on the ship John for New England, Daye and his family being passengers on the same vessel. Mr. Glover died upon the passage, but the rest arrived at Cambridge with the press and type, and for forty years all the printing done in America was at Cambridge. The press was put up in the house of President Dunster, which was, as far as can be ascertained, on Holyoke Street, nearly opposite the place where the old printing establishment formerly occupied by John Wilson & Son now stands. In 1647 the elder Daye was succeeded by his son Matthew, and he was, in 1649, followed by Samuel Green, who came over with Governor Winthrop

at the age of sixteen years, and was one of the original settlers. The first printed work in America was the "Freeman's Oath." It was upon the face of a half-sheet of small paper, and bears the imprint, "Printed by S. Daye, 1639." Then followed several other works, among which was "The Book of the General Lawes and Libertyes concerning the Inhabitants of the Massachusetts." About one hundred works bear the Cambridge imprint prior to the year 1700, the chief of which is the Bible translated into the Indian language by John Eliot, a copy of which is now in the library at Harvard College, the following being a transcript of the title-page:—

Mamuffe
Wunneetupanatamwe
UP—BIBLUM GOD
Naneefwe
NUKKONE TESTAMENT
Kah work
WUSKU TESTAMENT

Three years were occupied in the printing of this Bible, one sheet a week passing through the press. There is a story extant that Eliot, in translating the word "church," fell into an error, and used a word in the Indian dialect which signified "eel-pot," which, if true, must have given rise to astonishment to all the pious Indians who sought consolation from the book. There was a considerable number of Indians, and large tracts of land were purchased of them by the settlers, the consideration, as shown by the records in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds at East Cambridge, being "strings of wampum," clothing, powder and ball, etc. Mr. Elijah Corlet was the first schoolmaster of the town. He was a graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford, England, the house in which he first taught being situated on Holyoke Street, near the dwelling of President Dunster. He had several Indian pupils, one of whom had the name of Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck. In less than twelve years from its settlement Cambridge had within its limits a church, school, college, printing-press, and Indian mission, the influences of these having a marked effect upon its growth and prosperity. In 1647 the townsmen took a census, showing 135 ratable persons, 90 houses, valued at £2,537, 776

acres of broken land, valued at £5 an acre, 1,084 acres of unbroken land at 10 shillings an acre, 500 acres of marsh at 10 shillings an acre, 258 acres of "ffarr medowes" at 6 shillings an acre, 208 cows, 131 oxen, 20 horses, 37 sheep, 62 swine, and 58 goats. In 1649 the meeting-house on Dunster Street, proving too small for the increasing congregation, a new building about forty feet square was put up on "Watchhouse Hill," which was at the southwesterly corner of the College yard, near the present Law School. The town grew gradually, new streets being opened, the old ones made wider, and there was an improvement in the style of the buildings. The "Great Bridge" was built leading to Brighton, and was considered a wonderful engineering achievement, and so it was for the time. From 1680 to 1688 the number of taxable residents increased to 191, the number of families in 1680 being 121. In 1703 a new meeting-house was built upon the site of the old one, which had stood for about fifty years. About the middle of the year 1725 the General Court voted £1,000 to be used "for the building of a handsome wooden dwelling-house, barn and outhouses, on some part of the College land," to be occupied by Mr. Wadsworth, the President of the College, and his successors in office. The house was built and is standing to-day, with its quaint gambrel roof, an historic landmark, on Harvard Square, nearly opposite Dunster Street. It was used for one hundred and twenty years after as a place of residence for the College presidents, and preserves substantially the same general appearance as when first built. The interior, with its spacious stairways and entries, its time-honored rooms inhabited during the past years by so many illustrious personages, is an object of interest to thousands of yearly visitors. In 1721–22 the General Court met at Cambridge on account of a smallpox epidemic at Boston, the sessions being held in the meeting-house fronting on Harvard Square, when, after a time, it had to be again removed by reason of the pestilence, which raged so fiercely that the College exercises were broken up and the students scattered. Again, in 1740, the students were dismissed and the Commencement postponed by the prevalence of a "throat distemper," and in 1750 by another visitation of the smallpox, which caused the death of nearly one third of the inhabitants of Cambridge. During the year 1740 Rev. George Whitefield, the celebrated Wes-

leyan evangelist, preached a sermon under an elm-tree which stood at the northwest corner of the Common, a few rods from the tree that became known afterward as the "Washington Elm," and also delivered another sermon in the College yard, attracting large crowds of people. He severely criticised the College; called it an inferior institution, without discipline; said that bad books were fashionable among the students and tutors. His strictures were so severe upon the New England clergy that much ill-feeling was created against him, and he was not allowed to preach in the meeting-house. When he again visited New England the College authorities published a document, in which he was arraigned as "an uncharitable, censorious, and slanderous man, guilty of gross breaches of the Ninth Commandment, a deluder of the people," and an "itinerant and exciting preacher," and such was the feeling of the clergy and laymen that a vote was adopted that they would not invite him into their pulpits. The reverend gentleman lived long enough to obtain his revenge upon the College; for when, in 1764, its library was destroyed by fire, Mr. Whitefield not only presented it with a new library, but obtained by his personal influence a considerable sum of money from persons in England. In 1750 a few blocks or squares made up the principal part of the town, and in the diverging, straggling streets there were a considerable number of scattered houses. Against the market-place on the west, near where now stands Lyceum Hall, there were the court-house and prison. There were two routes to Boston, one leading over the "Great Bridge," through Brighton, Brookline, and Roxbury, the distance being eight miles. This was indicated by a rude stone with the inscription "Eight Miles to Boston," which stone was found a few years ago, together with the foundation stones of the old meeting-house, when the Dane Law School building was removed several hundred feet from its original site. The stone was again set up in Harvard Square, opposite one of the entrances to the College yard, where it still remains in a somewhat dilapidated condition. The other route was over the "broad way to Charlestown," now Kirkland Street, which led to a ferry.

Affairs were yet in a primitive condition, notwithstanding the great stride which had been made toward civilization. A considerable part of the town was yet a forest infested by bears, a great many of which were killed and several persons were killed by

them. In the "Boston News-Letter," newspaper, of Sept. 19, 1754, there was an item which tells of a bear that was pursued in what is now East Cambridge a few days before, driven into the river and killed. In 1756 the town had grown to such an extent that a new meeting-house was built, which was used for seventy years for the College Commencement exercises. In it, in 1779, the delegates from the towns in Massachusetts met and framed the Constitution of the Commonwealth, which the people ratified in 1780. There, also, Lafayette was welcomed on his return to this country in 1824. The building was taken down in 1833. In 1764, by reason of the breaking out of smallpox in Boston, Harvard Hall was occupied by the General Court, and on the 25th of January, during a severe snow-storm, the building with its contents, the library and scientific apparatus, was destroyed by fire. The town in 1769 was under the government of a board of selectmen, who held their meetings at Braddish's tavern on Brighton Street, between Harvard Square and Mount Auburn Street. That something more than the dry discussion of the town's affairs was done is shown by an ancient bill taken from the town files, covering ten months of the year, the items being principally "dinners and drink," "flip and punch," "wine and eating," "flip and cheese," "wine and flip," "punch and cheese," furnished the selectmen, the total amounting to £4 10*s.* 7*d.* During the month of September, 1759, the building of a place of worship according to the faith of the Church of England was decided upon. This was an important religious event, as the only church organization up to this time was the Congregational. In October, 1761, the building then and now known as "Christ Church" was erected upon a lot of land fronting the Common, and there it now stands, replete with historical reminiscences, the only alteration ever made in it being an increase of its height by placing thereon an additional story, and a slight increase to its length, the latter alteration being made in 1857. Cambridge in 1776 was still in a rural state, environed by marshes, bounded on the north by the basin of Charles River, on the south by the same river, on the north by Welles' Creek, since known as Miller's River, and now blotted out of existence, it having been filled up within a few years. The settled part of the town was in the western confines, and beyond that was marsh land known as Fresh Pond meadows. There were roads or

lanes leading to Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, the former being largely made up of marsh land and the latter devoted to large farms. In Harvard Square was the court-house, the meeting-house, and the jail, and in the centre of the Square a then ancient elm-tree, removed within the past ten years to make a standing-place for the cars of the Union Railway Company. Near the tree stood the town pump. Away down beyond the woods and marshes was the estate of Richard Lechmere, which embraced a large part of what is known as East Cambridge to-day, and for many years known as Lechmere Point. In Cambridgeport, in the part now bounded by Inman and Bigelow Streets, was the large mansion occupied by Ralph Inman, which, later in the century, became historic as the headquarters of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. The "Port" and the "Point," with the exception of the Lechmere and the Inman buildings and a few others, was a wild of woodland, swamp, and pasture. The burial-ground, at the corner of Garden Street and Harvard Square, had then become comparatively old, and contained the remains of Stephen Daye, the first printer, Samuel Green, who succeeded him, Rev. Thomas Shepard, the founder of the church, President Dunster, and most of the early settlers. Across the Common stood, and still stands, the house of Jonathan Hastings, with its gambrel roof, since known as the Holmes House, it being the birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes and the headquarters of General Artemas Ward during the Revolution. The homestead of the Brattle family stood upon the spot where now stands the University Press of John Wilson & Son. And almost every foot of ground in the vicinity is rich in historical incident. Cambridge took the lead in the events that preceded the Revolution. In 1765, two weeks before the action of the General Court in opposition to the Stamp Act, it was voted in town-meeting that it was the opinion of the town that the inhabitants of the province had a legal claim to all the natural, inherent, constitutional rights of Englishmen, and that the Stamp Act was an infraction upon these rights, and they desired that this vote be recorded in the town book, that the children yet unborn may see the wish their ancestors had for their freedom and happiness.

In 1772 it elected nine of its principal citizens upon the Committee of Correspondence, which, with delegates from other

towns, met in convention in 1773, at Faneuil Hall, and advised resistance to the tea tax, passing resolutions in town-meeting to that effect. General Gage being in the occupation of Boston, a Provincial Congress, with John Hancock, President, met in 1774 at Cambridge, first in the Court House in Harvard Square, and thence in the meeting-house, the first business being to elect a Committee of Safety and a Committee of Supplies, Abraham Watson, John Pigeon, and Thomas Gardner being selected from Cambridge. In February the Provincial Congress met again in the old meeting-house, and a committee of five was appointed to watch the movements of the British troops stationed at Boston, John Pigeon being the principal member of the committee. On the night of the 18th of April, John Pigeon, having been instructed to arrange a system of couriers to alarm the country, was on the alert, and was warned by the lantern in the North Church steeple and by the information furnished through Paul Revere, that an expedition was in progress. That same night the foot of the invader was upon the soil of Cambridge, and a force of British embarked from Boston about midnight and landed at Lechmere Point, now East Cambridge, at a point in the vicinity of the spot where the Middlesex County Jail and House of Correction now stands. It marched across the marshes to what is now Milk Street in Somerville, and proceeded to Concord, through North Avenue. The alarm was sounded, and the Cambridge militia were hastily gathered and pursued the foe, under the command of Samuel Thatcher. The next morning the planks of the "Great Bridge" were removed and piled up on the Cambridge side, to impede the movements of British reinforcements under the command of Lord Percy. The story of that day at Concord and Lexington is so familiar that it need not be repeated here, and the part taken by the Cambridge militia in harassing the British on their retreat is an oft-told tale. For a year following that time Cambridge was the headquarters of the American army, and its buildings were turned into barracks and hospitals for the sick and wounded. The army consisted of about 15,000 men, all quartered in the town, under the command of General Artemas Ward. Beside the barracks and hospitals the troops were in the College buildings, the President's house, and Christ Church. Fortifications were begun, the earliest leading from the College yard toward the river. The Col-

lege library and apparatus had been removed to Andover. On the 16th of June a force of 12,000 infantry and a detachment of artillery were ordered to appear on Cambridge Common, where, after a prayer by President Langdon of the College, they marched, under the command of Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, through Kirkland Street to Bunker Hill. The next morning other troops followed. The result of that day was to transform Cambridge as a camp into Cambridge as a hospital. Within a week from the battle of Bunker Hill, General Washington arrived at Cambridge, and on the 3d of July assumed command of the Continental army, the ceremony taking place beneath the shade of the then old tree, which has become famous under the name of the Washington Elm, and at which there is a stone with an inscription recording the event. Fortifications were thrown up at Lechmere Point, at Fort Washington, at Putnam Avenue, at Dana Hill, across Cambridge Street, through the land now occupied as Hovey's Nursery, and elsewhere. During the summer of 1775 10,000 troops were stationed in the town, and a number were killed by the stray cannon-shots thrown into the place by the British. General Washington, having been quartered in the President's house, afterward removed to Brattle Street, and established his headquarters in the house now owned and occupied by the poet Longfellow. On Jan. 1, 1776, the new flag, with the thirteen stripes, representing the number of Colonies, was unfurled on Cambridge Common. Batteries were equipped at Lechmere Point and at Fort Washington, that at Lechmere Point being upon the hill, since removed, on the site of the Putnam School-house on Fourth Street, and Boston was bombarded from these points. An attack from the British was daily expected, but, instead, Boston was evacuated, and the troops at Cambridge crossed the river and took possession, and the military period in the history of Cambridge came to an end.

The population in 1776 was 1,586. A valuation of Cambridge in 1781 gave 417 polls, 229 houses, 246 barns, 1 store, 4 distil houses, mills, etc., 1,446 acres of English mowing, 777 acres of tillage land, 1,402 acres of salt and fresh meadow, 3,523 acres of pasture, 1,185 acres of wood and unimproved land, £6,919 in money at interest and on hand, £990 in goods, wares, and merchandise, 1,414 horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and swine, and £650 in

"coaches, chaises, etc." An important step in the progress of the time was the building of the West Boston Bridge. Authority was given by the General Court to Francis Dana and associates to construct a bridge in 1792, and it was opened in 1793, the cost of building being $76,700. It had a wonderful effect in giving an impetus to the growth of the town. Lots were laid out, streets opened, buildings were erected, canals and dikes were constructed, and in 1805 it was made a "port of entry" for vessels, that end of the town being known as Cambridgeport. Mr. Andrew Cragie purchased nearly all the tract now known as East Cambridge, and in 1809 a bridge to Boston was built, which is still called Cragie's Bridge. Both these were toll-bridges, and so continued until 1858, when they were purchased by Cambridge and Boston and made free. The embargo proclaimed by President Jefferson in 1807 and the war of 1812 seriously affected the commercial growth of Cambridge.

Of the church history there is much to relate, but it cannot be given here. In 1846 a city charter was granted; Mr. James D. Green, who is now living, being elected the first Mayor. The same year the police department was organized, and the following year the volunteer fire companies were superseded by a paid department. In 1852 the Gaslight Company was incorporated and the streets lighted with gas before the end of the year. The Cambridge Water-Works Company was incorporated in 1852, organized in 1853, and began the laying of pipes that year, the works being purchased by the city in 1865. In 1853 the Cambridge Railroad Company was incorporated for the construction of a horse-railroad to Boston; in 1854 the track was located, and the Union Railway Company was incorporated in 1855 for the purpose of operating the road. The first street paving was in 1856 at the easterly end of Cambridge Street, East Cambridge, and the first laying of brick sidewalks under assessment was in 1869. The first poor-house was on the corner of Brighton and South Streets. This was given up in 1786, and one established on the corner of North Avenue and Cedar Street, and continued until 1818, when a brick building was erected on Norfolk Street, opposite Worcester Street, Cambridgeport, which was burned in 1836. A new building was then provided on the banks of Charles River, between Western Avenue and River Street, where the Riverside

Press now stands. This was abandoned in 1851, and the present building, off North Avenue, near the lines of Arlington and Somerville, was erected. In 1815 the manufacture of glass upon a large scale was begun at East Cambridge. Mount Auburn Cemetery was consecrated in 1831, and the Cambridge Cemetery in 1854. The present organization of public schools dates from 1868. The population in 1776, one hundred and forty-six years after Winthrop and his associates made a settlement, was 1,586, and in 1790 it was 2,115, while now, in the two hundred and fiftieth year of its existence, it numbers over 52,000, with a valuation of $49,449,520. In 1861 Cambridge organized and furnished the first company in the United States which was enlisted for the defence of the government in 1861. To James P. Richardson, a great-grandson of Moses Richardson, who was slain on the day of the battle of Lexington, belongs this honor. He was then in the practice of the law, having his office on Main Street, Cambridgeport. On April 13, 1861, he had enlisted sixty persons, and they were accepted by Governor Andrew. Two days later the President of the United States issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers, and on the 16th the orders were issued by the Governor. The day following, Captain Richardson, with ninety-five men, was *en route* for Fortress Monroe, where, on the 6th of May following, the company was mustered in. He is now living in Texas. During the war Cambridge furnished 4,135 men to the army, of which 200 were commissioned officers, and 453 men to the navy, — about one sixth of the entire population, which was 26,060 in 1860 and 29,112 in 1865.

It is impossible within the space of a newspaper article to do justice to the important and stirring events which have been enacted in Cambridge since 1630. A large number of the most important occurrences have been detailed, but much of interest has been necessarily omitted. Greater prominence has been given to events connected with the earlier times, as possessing more interest than those of a later date. With the history of our country its citizens have been from the first largely identified, and its territory is filled with spots made sacred by the associations of the past. Within its borders the first printing-press in America was put in operation; on its Common the original flag of the Union was first unfurled. The first Continental Congress was here organized, and

the first official protest against the unjust Stamp Act was given utterance to by its citizens in town-meeting assembled. Here Washington first took command of the Continental army, and the first company was here enlisted for the war of the Rebellion. Its College and schools rank the first in the country, and have given to the world men of the highest culture and the most extended influence, and it has always been foremost in advancing the cause of civil and religious liberty.

GOVERNMENT

OF

THE CITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

1880.

MAYOR.

JAMES M. W. HALL.

ALDERMEN.

Ward I.

FRANCIS L. CHAPMAN. — NATHAN G. GOOCH.

Ward II.

HENRY H. GILMORE.

Ward III.

GEORGE R. BRINE. — BENJAMIN F. DAVIES. — DANIEL R. SORTWELL.

Ward IV.

GEORGE D. CHAMBERLAIN. — EDWARD T. NICHOLS.

Ward V.

MICHAEL CORCORAN. — MOSES G. HOWE.

COMMON COUNCIL.

PRESIDENT . . . . CHARLES WALKER.

WARD I. — William B. Durant, William A. Hayes, Jr., James M. Hilton, John Read.

WARD II. — C. G. H. Bennink, George C. Bent, George A. Davis, George W. Goodnow, Frederick H. Holton, Isaac A. Nay.

WARD III. — Samuel W. Bailey, John Conlan, John L. Fahy, Samuel S. Hamill.

WARD IV. — William H. Dodge, Alfred Fitzpatrick, William L. Lathrop, Charles Walker.

WARD V. — Sanford H. Dudley, Henry K. Parsons.

City Clerk	JUSTIN A. JACOBS.
Clerk of Committees	JOHN MCDUFFIE.
Clerk of the Common Council	J. WARREN COTTON.
City Solicitor	JOHN W. HAMMOND.
Assistant City Clerk	WALTER W. PIKE.
City Messenger	FRANCIS L. PRATT.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS.

Chief of Police	FREDERICK W. HAGAR.
Chief Engineer	THOMAS J. CASEY.
Superintendent of Streets	BAINBRIDGE W. WOODARD.
Superintendent of Lamps	BENJAMIN F. NOURSE.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Auditor of Accounts	SAMUEL E. CHANDLER.
Treasurer	WILLIAM W. DALLINGER.
Assessors	ANDREW J. GREEN, EDMUND B. WHITMAN, ARTEMAS Z. BROWN.
Assistant Assessors	THOMAS STEARNS, JOHN S. POLLARD, FRANCIS H. STICKNEY, JOSEPH WHITTEMORE, OLIVER B. CAMPBELL.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Hon. JAMES M. W. HALL, *Chairman ex officio.*

A. P. PEABODY.	OTIS S. BROWN.
HORACE E. SCUDDER.	A. P. MORSE.
JOHN WILSON.	WILLIAM H. ORCUTT.
JAMES H. HALL.	SARAH S. JACOBS.
PHEBE M. KENDALL.	E. H. STEVENS.
SUMNER ALBEE.	WILLIAM FOX RICHARDSON.
JOHN O'BRIEN.	WILLIAM A. START.
GEORGE A. COBURN.	W. W. WELLINGTON, *Sec'y.*

Superintendent of Schools . . . FRANCIS COGSWELL.

WATER BOARD.

The Mayor, and President of the Common Council, ex officio.

GEORGE P. CARTER, *President.*

KNOWLTON S. CHAFFEE.	CHESTER W. KINGSLEY.
J. WARREN MERRILL.	HENRY L. EUSTIS.

Clerk	JUSTIN A. JACOBS.
Superintendent of Water Works . .	HIRAM NEVONS.
Water Registrar	J. WARREN COTTON.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

The Mayor, ex officio, Chairman.

SUMNER ALBEE.	EZRA PARMENTER.
JONAS C. WELLINGTON.	CHARLES E. VAUGHAN.
GEORGE D. CHAMBERLAIN.	DAVID P. MUZZEY, *Clerk.*

WARD OFFICERS.

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WARD II. — *Warden*, Charles R. Patch. *Clerk*, P. Allen Lindsey. *Inspectors*, Edward W. S. Jones, Horace G. Kemp, Dwight M. Turner.

WARD III. — *Warden*, Daniel B. Shaughnessey. *Clerk*, Silas E. Buck. *Inspectors*, James E. Doyle, William J. Breen, William A. Stevens.

WARD IV. — *Warden*, Isaac S. Pear. *Clerk*, Frank H. Teele. *Inspectors*, John Locke, William R. Mitchell, George C. Howlett.

WARD V. — *Warden*, Charles L. Fuller. *Clerk*, George T. Presby. *Inspectors*, Sylvanus G. Griffin, Joseph Newman, James Roper.

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THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.	JAMES H. SPARROW.
GEORGE W. PARK.	A. CARTER WEBBER.
HENRY J. WELLS.	JOHN McSORLEY.

Senator, Third Middlesex District (Cambridge).

ASA P. MORSE.

CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE

MAYORS, CITY CLERKS, PRESIDENTS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL, CLERKS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL, AND TREASURERS,

FROM THE INCORPORATION OF THE CITY TO 1880.

	Mayor.	City Clerk.	President of the Common Council.	Clerk of the Common Council.	Treasurer.
1846.	James D. Green.	Lucius R. Paige.	Isaac Livermore.	Charles S. Newell.	Abel W. Bruce.
1847.	James D. Green.	Lucius R. Paige.	John Sargent.	Charles S. Newell.	Abel W. Bruce.
1848.	Sidney Willard.	Lucius R. Paige.	John C. Dodge.	Charles S Newell.	Abel W. Bruce.
1849.	Sidney Willard.	Lucius R. Paige.	Samuel P. Heywood.	Eben M. Dunbar.	Samuel Slocomb.
1850.	Sidney Willard.	Lucius R. Paige.	Samuel P. Heywood.	Eben M. Dunbar.	Samuel Slocomb.
1851.	George Stevens.	Lucius R. Paige.	John S. Ladd.	Eben M. Dunbar.	Samuel Slocomb.
1852.	George Stevens.	Lucius R. Paige.	John Sargent.	Eben M. Dunbar.	Samuel Slocomb.
1853.	James D. Green.	Lucius R. Paige.	John Sargent.	Eben M. Dunbar.	Samuel Slocomb.
1854.	Abraham Edwards.	Lucius R. Paige.	John C. Dodge.	Henry Thayer.	Samuel Slocomb.
1855.	Zebina L. Raymond.	Lucius R. Paige.	Alanson Bigelow.	Henry Thayer.	A. J. Webber.
1856.	John Sargent.	Henry Thayer.	George S. Saunders.	James M. Chase.	Joseph A. Holmes.
1857.	John Sargent.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George S. Saunders.	James M. Chase.	Joseph A. Holmes.
1858.	John Sargent.	Justin A. Jacobs.	James C. Fisk.	James M. Chase.	Joseph Whitney.
1859.	John Sargent.	Justin A. Jacobs.	James C. Fisk.	James M. Chase.	Joseph Whitney.
1860.	James D. Green.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Hamlin R. Harding.	James M. Chase.	Joseph Whitney.
1861.	James D. Green.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Hamlin R. Harding.	James M. Chase.	Joseph Whitney.
1862.	Charles Theo. Russell.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Jared Shepard.	Joseph G. Holt.	Joseph Whitney.
1863.	George C. Richardson.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George S. Saunders.	Joseph G. Holt.	Joseph Whitney.
1864.	Zebina L. Raymond.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George S. Saunders.	Joseph G. Holt.	Joseph Whitney.
1865.	J. Warren Merrill.	Justin A. Jacobs.	John S. March.	Joseph G. Holt.	Joseph Whitney.
1866.	J. Warren Merrill.	Justin A. Jacobs.	John S. March.	Joseph G. Holt.	Joseph Whitney.
1867.	Ezra Parmenter.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Marshall T. Bigelow.	Joseph G. Holt.	Joseph Whitney.
1868.	Charles H. Saunders.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Henry W. Mussey.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1869.	Charles H. Saunders.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Henry W. Mussey.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1870.	Hamlin R. Harding.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Joseph H. Converse.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1871.	Hamlin R. Harding.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Joseph H. Converse.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1872.	Henry O. Houghton.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Alvaro Blodgett.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1873.	Isaac Bradford.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Alvaro Blodgett.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1874.	Isaac Bradford.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George F. Piper.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1875.	Isaac Bradford.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George F. Piper.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1876.	Isaac Bradford.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Frank A. Allen.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1877.	Frank A. Allen.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Peres G Porter.	J. Warren Cotton.	Joseph Whitney.
1878.	Samuel L. Montague.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George S. Saunders.	J. Warren Cotton.	Wm. W. Dallinger.
1879.	Samuel L. Montague.	Justin A. Jacobs.	George S. Saunders.	J. Warren Cotton.	Wm. W. Dallinger.
1880.	James M. W. Hall.	Justin A. Jacobs.	Charles Walker.	J. Warren Cotton.	Wm. W. Dallinger.

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